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Joseph George Hitrec, author of "Son of the Moon." *(See page 14)*

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By GERALD HEARD

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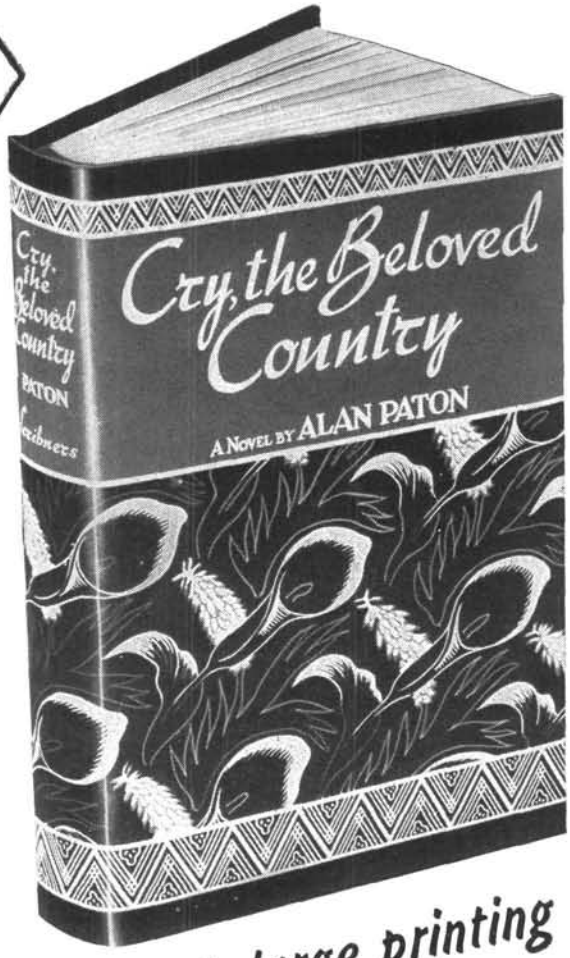

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March 13, 1948

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By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

BILL BUCKLEY, assistant to Van Cartmell at Doubleday, sends this True Confession:

> Because of the tremendous size of Doubleday & Co., most of its employees confine their activities to their particular jobs, but occasionally there is a cantankerous one like me who operates independently. This can cause embarrassment, and I'll show you how.
>
> For many months, I had been a devoted reader of a series of human interest stories by a *World-Telegram* staff writer. His name was Norman Katkov. It occurred to me suddenly that he might consider writing a book. I called him. He was very gracious. "I'm from Doubleday's," I said, "and I think you ought to write a book." "I have," he replied. "Have you sent it to a publisher yet?" I asked. "I have," he assured me, "and they accepted it." "May I ask who it was?" I persisted, my spirits descending. "You certainly may," he said. "It was you."
>
> Anyhow, Katkov's book, "Eagle at My Eyes," turned out to be a great success, and I have forgotten —well, almost forgotten—my embarrassment.

CHARLES E. WILSON, president of General Motors, ruefully tells the following story:

> A young couple was having an intimate family discussion: should they buy a new car or have a baby? They realized they probably could not have both so they finally decided to have a baby—because they could get it more quickly!

FROM SAMUEL F. FARQUHAR, manager of the University of California Press:

> Here is one for Trade Winds:
>
> Recently a professor told of a young friend of his who began an epic poem but got no further than the first line because he couldn't, for the life of him, think of even a second line that would go in in the same way. Here is the first line (and the entire epic):
>
> "When hag-sprung brats first chafed the horny bellies of their dams"

FROM JOHN JAMIESON, of the H. W. Wilson Co:

> Since you wrote in TRADE WINDS that we could supply information concerning literary agents and teachers of writing, we have had numerous requests for same.
>
> Won't you please run a note to the effect that we do not consider ourselves authorities on this subject? The best advice we can give is this: consult the current issue of the Bowker Company's "The Literary Market Place" at the nearest public library.

Mr. Jamieson's tip is a sound one. As a matter of fact, the current issue of "The Literary Market Place" (it is an annual publication) is worth owning personally if you have manuscripts for sale. Its listings are complete and thoroughly checked. . . .

WITH THE PERELMAN-HERSHFELD saga of a trip around the world about to be published in book form, an extract of the speech Groucho Marx made on the eve of their departure has a certain academic interest:

> As a rule I don't waste my valuable time attending banquets. The only dinners I attended last year were the Academy Award dinner, the dinner that Basil Rathbone gave for Mrs. Rathbone, the dinner the railroad men gave for Chu Chu Johnson honoring Chu Chu Martinez, and the dinner that Mrs. Rathbone gave for Basil Rathbone. Other than getting a meal on the cuff I don't see much point to a public banquet.
>
> But Hershfeld and Perelman are leaving the country! I can just imagine the furore this news will cause throughout the civilized world. After all, other men have scrammed for parts unknown. Abe Hummel left the country, Judge Crater has never been found, and Dore Schary finally landed at RKO.
>
> A boat trip can be tragic if two people aren't compatible, but I am sure that Syd and Al will get along swimmingly. Syd is a lovable companion and a born diplomat. I might say he's as comfortable to be with as an old glove, and just about as interesting.
>
> This trip will do President Truman a lot of good, for you must remember it is under his Administration that the boys are leaving the country. This is one thing the Republicans won't be able to take credit for.
>
> I want to wish you two a successful and happy journey. Come back to America safe and strong, for America needs you. A country is only as strong as its weakest link and it is only lads like you that can supply that.
>
> So I say to you two bold adventurers—stretch out your hands for the fruits of the world. Bring back tales of the African veldt, of the snows of Kilimanjaro, of the Rumanian peasants plowing the furrows and chanting the songs of Boris Morros. Live dangerously, my young friends. Have yourselves a brawl in Singapore and go on a bust in Bali.
>
> As for your book, I'm sure it will be a huge success. I know that I, for one, will be standing in line to grab a copy as soon as it reaches the lending library.

FROM LORNA SMITH, of Glendale, Calif.:

> It was back in 1942. Our son had been awarded his wings of gold in the Naval Air Corps and was home on leave. In honor of the occasion Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dreiser were having dinner with us.
>
> My husband was serving and we were discussing the various foods we did or did not care for. Our twenty-one-year-old son heading for the Pacific related: "I was able to eat everything until one night they served us quail. I couldn't stomach that. They looked so little —as if they hadn't had a fair chance in life."
>
> "I can eat anything but rabbit," Theodore Dreiser remarked. "I simply cannot stand the taste of rabbit."
>
> As my husband placed the fried rabbit on our plates I replied, "Well, you're—" and catching my breath I never finished the sentence, "going to now." Fortunately for everyone, I decided when Mr. Dreiser accepted his third portion.

HERE IS A SOUND SUGGESTION from H. H. Trice, of Miami, Fla.:

> The great number of characters appearing in novels (for example, "House Divided") frequently are lost in the maze, resulting in slowing up the reader in order to ascertain "who is who."
>
> Might it not be helpful if the characters were arranged in order of their appearance on the fly leaf? The cost would be nominal in comparison to the convenience to the reader, and I have an idea that many

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America has a new hero. One with a shy grin and a quiet voice, a man whom other men instinctively follow and love because of his unpreached integrity. He was the focal point of life on the *Reluctant*, a battered supply ship which plyed the backwaters of the Pacific, in Thomas Heggen's book, "Mister Roberts", published last year. And he is brought to life by Henry Fonda in the Broadway version of "Mister Roberts", by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan.

The book was hailed as "a little classic" and "a little masterpiece" on publication. It was loved for its vigorous, male, sometimes sardonic humor through which the frustrations of an inactive war expressed itself. These qualities have not been lost in the play. After seeing it, John Mason Brown said in the *Saturday Review*: "No play about Americans at war since 'What Price Glory?' has possessed the vitality and truth of this comedy of heartbreak . . . it is superlative theatre . . . one of the most uproarious, heartwarming, and yet touching evenings Broadway has yielded in many a long year."

About the book, Mr. Brown said: "Every self-indulgent reader must by now have read Mr. Heggen's profoundly moving, if hilarious, sketches . . . Mr. Heggen's was a remarkable book. Indeed, in my opinion it is the most valid volume about life on a ship to have been written by an American since Marcus Goodrich wrote that minor masterpiece 'Delilah' ".

Mister Roberts is universally liked — by book reviewers, readers, play critics, and playgoers. Those who have read the book have bought out the house for months ahead. Those who see the play will find the book a must for Mister Roberts is a very pleasant man to have around the house. $3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

"We call it 'Ecstasy,' but it's really a variant of tri-butyl-xylene!"

additional books would be sold as the result of such delineation.

The brief descriptions on the jacket are not sufficient. Usually highly colored to excite rather than inform and while I admit many books are sold from the jacket description, many additional copies would pass over the counter if the prospective purchaser could gain a clearer picture of the characters.

Occasionally, but very seldom, have publishers used this plan. It should be universal.

TO GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF THE SORT of thing that's going on in Princeton these days, here is a contribution from Charles D. Learks:

> Excuse me, but as I sit dismally trying to do my homework I am reminded of the sad story I overheard an old sailor tell once. It went something like this:
>
> "So, he says, 'take the elm fir me, Cy, while I go below and spruce up.' He was going ashore as soon as we hit port, you know. I pine for those good old days when I was poplar with the ladies. But don't you bet that I wasn't a stubborn lad—I had a willow my own! Once, I remember, we was docked in Singapore. I told Sam, he was my mate, 'Tonight I going to the balsam, so don't expect me back early.' Lulu, she was my best gal, come around about half past eight—you should have cedar! She was dressed fit to kill. But she took one look at me an' says, 'Cyprus those pants of your'n and fix that hemlock I tole you to.' I got mad and told her to quit nagging me so. And she leaves in a huff. After she'd gone, I was sad. I turned to Quoy, the Chinese cabin-boy, and told him, 'Sequoia don't want ever to make an ash of yourself like I just did.' All he said in reply was: 'Oak.'

Mr. Learks neglected to give his class. Probably he's in the graduate school.

BENNETT CERF.

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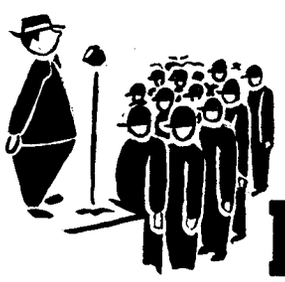

the labor leader

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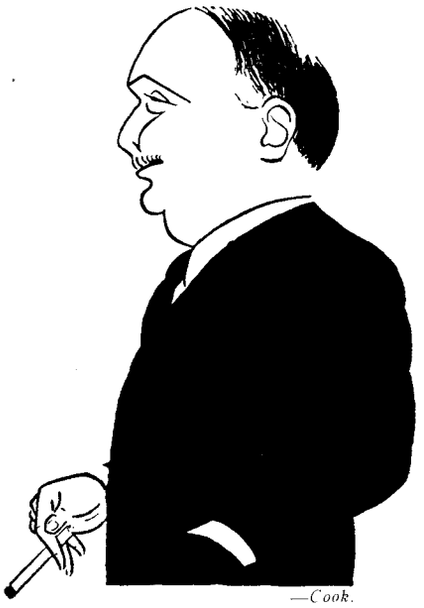
The Saturday Review of Literature

H. G. Wells
The End of a Faith

GERALD HEARD


—*Cook.*

H. G. Wells . . . a "term."

THOUGH Bernard Shaw's life and work ends a cycle, it opens out into another. He is a kind of Janus. But H. G. Wells in the actual sculptural sense was a "term." His end marked the end of Utopianism, that specific mythos of the Modern Age, the Faith which took the place left by the gap when the Dantesque Divine Comedy closed with the close of the Middle Ages.

Neither Shaw nor Wells can be fully understood without viewing the other. They have to be considered together because the two men through fifty years of influential writing did live in a complementary relationship. Their relationship was so contra-distinct that there is only one word to describe it—symbiosis. They came into action at the same time, for Shaw was a decade older than Wells when he began to have his specific effect. By the time that the plays were startling the public, "The Time Machine" had already interested readers who were on the outlook for real originality. It is significantly curious that Wells should have started his imaginative career with Time. For it was to prove that just here lay his limitation, or to use his own word, frustration. Though he saw this was to be the master theme of the oncoming generation, he could not hold to it. Time in the end proved too much for his imagination to handle; it slipped from him and the man's message was over before the man himself ended. Indeed his whole life story may be said to turn on this, his struggle really to keep on being contemporary. And he was defeated. He chose to be right at once instead of right at the end, to be the illustrator rather than the creator.

We can understand this better if we compare him with another famous writer who was his actual contemporary and in a way closer to him than even Shaw, though they appeared at the time even more opposed. That is Kipling. Kipling on a smaller scale—on the British Imperial scene—instead of the world-wide one of Wells—repeats the Wells history. For he, too, starts with the mystery and terror of life only to be balanced by the vision which the mystic may have of its grandeur. What can be more filled with bestial terror than "The Mark of the Beast"—which some magazine editors of the day thought too filthy to print? "The End of the Passage" is equally horrifying. Then in "Kim" and "The Light That Failed" Kipling tried his hand at the full-length novel and in "Kim," with the lama's vision at its conclusion, we have an author, already famous for his skill with that tailored style which is the approved writer's mode, actually attempting to render the mystic's vision. Kipling, too, tried the story of the future and had a share in introducing scientification. But that genre is rightly called Wellsian. He had the immense vitality to rear this and a couple of other new lines in writing.

For though Kipling, Wells, and, to a certain extent, Shaw all worshipped at that dawn-of-the-century shrine, Efficiency, they did so for very different reasons. Men may bow to that strange god out of the machine with opposed intentions. Certainly Wells and Kipling did. They were right in shunning each other. For Kipling—that strange culmination of talent that flowered in its twenties and for the rest of a long life like a patient schoolmaster went on repeating himself to a dwindling class — Kipling worshipped efficiency because he hoped thus to repress revolution so that those who had arrived might not be disturbed by newer, cruder arrivals. Wells reverenced the god of ever better means because this would mean you could change everything and get more liberty for yourself. Wells and Kipling were together in their love of the machine and the engineer because they both hoped this would permit mankind to be left alone: alone to be managed, for the weapons will be in the hands of the elite, thought Kipling—alone to go his own way, thought Wells, for with production at plenty no class would be able to starve a man for doing as he likes. But though they differed they agreed all too tragically on one thing. Though they both had a glimpse of the authentic vision, they chose as their goal means and not the end; they advocated efficiency as a substitute for meaning.

As to their competition there can be no doubt that Wells won on points. Indeed the only point in which he did not win—the point of style—is the most doubtful. Kipling wrote well, very well, with the care of that "myotic" good taste that made English male clothes the best and the dullest fashion ever invented by men. Finish and quiet were everything; consequently growth was really impossible. Wells never wrote with that care about words which if it cannot say what it means in a perfect flow of phrases would rather not say it. Bernard Shaw remarked at lunch the day that George Moore—the master of that type of style—died, "George was a writer—in a way. He made one remarkably good sentence and he always used it. The only trouble about it was that you couldn't say anything in it." Wells was always exuberant. He, like Kipling, made a permanent place for himself with the short story and it is doubtful if anything that Kipling wrote will outlast "The Door in the Wall" or "The Country of the Blind."

THEN Wells turned to the novel, the romance, and with a deluge of books dilated that already varicose web. Sociology and sex, which till then had only dared peep round the rustic arbor in which the conventional lovers sat, walked out with boldness and

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took the stage. Meanwhile volumes of what may be called journalistic sociology kept dashing out alongside these sociological romances. By 1914, however, Wells seemed to have shot his bolt like Kipling. But the war gave Wells new life. "Mr. Britling Sees It Through"—a book which the dying imperial censorship in Russia had translated under the unconsciously prophetic title "Mr. Britling Sees Through It"—was a comeback if not a see-through. In "The Research Magnificent," written as the war broke, Wells's nerve had wavered. Man might be defeated, he concluded that tale. But as the war went on he felt that Man must win. Still he saw that if *homo sapiens* was to get through he would have to find an ally. It loses in "The Wife of Isaac Harman," begins to shape in "The Passionate Friends," and broke on a disconcerted audience of Fabians, Marxians, Mechanists, and Humanists in "The Undying Fire," "The Soul of a Bishop," and the manifesto "God the Invisible King."

THE cat was out of the bag, the god was out of the machine, Wells the biologist had gone over to the Shavian evolving deity. Wells no doubt enjoyed casting this apple of divine discord onto the green table over which the planners were disposing of mankind. He was always the *enfant terrible* of the Fabians, of the writers of pure English, of all the respectable. He passionately disbelieved in The Great Man—which may be the reason

—Max Beerbohm in "Observations."

Rudyard Kipling . . . "like a schoolmaster."

why he suddenly called in God and then dismissed Him when he found that the god that he had made was after all only that same irritating thing, the Great Man. He dearly loved debunking the mighty. To the end he couldn't help getting all wound up in Karl Marx's beard. It became as bad for his memoranda as King Charles's head was for Mr. Dick's.

While Wells was actually putting together his most successful book, "The Outline of History," in which he has eulogies of Asoka and Christ which are moving appreciations of human greatness, he was spending the spare time of that most restless mind in writing "Boon," a collection of skits on his more stately friends. Completely innocent of anthropological insight, he was honestly surprised when the most stately of these, Henry James, took mortal offense at his exquisite style being likened to the attempts of a hippopotamus to pick up a pea. The over-use of alliteration no doubt hurt James as much as the animus. For James had admired the early Wells, who certainly had something of the genius of Dickens in his "Mr. Kipps," "Chitterlow," and "Mr. Polly."

Wells came then to be dreaded. He was a formidable person, short of patience with those who differed from him. He had challenged almost every aspect of living, every class and school. His life had certainly lived up to the defiance of his writing. Shaw preached liberty and stuck to respectability; Wells practised what he preached. Yet all the time he spent his talents and energy in trying to make mankind come together. He was always forming committees to salvage humanity and liquidating them because he couldn't stand the particular but average human specimens who inevitably composed them. He never ceased moaning over humanity's blind dissensions as nobly as ever did Jeremiah. "The Outline of History" was his most successful call to Man to repent. For a moment it seemed that he had caught, over what he called "the vast inattentions of mankind," the ear of those who were concerned. Sidney Webb gave figures to show that this book probably sold more copies in two years than had any other book.

From history Wells then went on to instruct Man in biology. In "The Science of Life" he thought to make a second great alignment of interest. It was not so—partly because he was of course a storyteller and history is a story, of men, and dare one say it, of great men, while biology is a series of hypotheses to arrange a vast mass of unfamiliar and undramatic facts. For a thousand who can listen and be helped by a story, there is only one

Bernard Shaw . . . "a kind of Janus."

who can grasp and use a formula. Yet the world was still listening. The French Chamber asked Wells to address it. So did the German Reichstag. Surely these are unparalleled evidences of attention, that a writer should be allowed to talk to politicians in their talking shop. But the tide was turning.

Wells made his third essay, "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind." The attention given this was far less than to "The Science of Life." It was clear that man and audience were drifting apart. The message and the congregation both were moving away from the area in which they could have been in fruitful touch. Wells was no longer advancing into new worlds and the world was turning to new issues. The economic phase was over: the psychological era had dawned. Wells went back from his deism; the world went on into Caesarism as a last alternative to the return to religion.

Then Wells took stock and in "The Shape of Things to Come" faced the oncoming of the Second World War and repeated his credo from "Mr. Britling"—"out of the ashes we shall rise." But the interesting thing about that book was not the forecasting, which was no more perspicacious than might have been expected, but the method of introduction. We are told that the vision of the future is obtained by a character who can use Dunne's methods of precognition whereby the neo-physics' concept of time may actually be experienced and used to view the future. Then having

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The World.

This week we offer a study of international law and two books on Germany and Japan under American occupation. The latter type has been all too rare, reflecting a lamentable lack of popular interest in our foreign commitments since the war. . . . While Germany and Japan grope towards new life under our care, the nationalist threat from the East makes all the more imperative a strengthening of the law of nations. Fortunately, certain agencies of the UN, like the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, and a temporary international law commission have—by means of definition, as well as by treaties and conventions entered into—been creating, and strengthening the existing, international law. There are those, however, who argue, and with considerable force, that the making of international law is useless without a world power that is capable of enforcing it.

Wanted: A Global Criminal Code

A MODERN LAW OF NATIONS. By Philip C. Jessup. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 236 pp. $4.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

IF THIS were a more reasonable world "A Modern Law of Nations" would be read as vigorously and raise even more discussion than the Smyth report on the making of the atom bomb. This is the sequel to it. Dr. Jessup's report investigates the problem of what we can do, within reason, to prevent further explosions. *Within reason* means within the fundamental framework of the United Nations.

For the sake of those who take comfort from the fact that all supplies of the weapon are labeled "made in U. S. A." and stored here it may be well to summarize the basic principle which underlies Dr. Jessup's bold report; he and his collaborators make frequent reference to it without pausing anywhere to explain in full. The full statement is, in brief, that other nations either now have or will soon get knowledge of the construction of the atomic weapon. If efforts to achieve international control keep breaking down, some of them will procure stocks of it. No matter how much more we have accumulated by that time somebody is sure to gamble again on the potential effect of a surprise blow, the conventional military method of overcoming any difference in actual strengths. Then even if we win we will find ourselves clinging to an earth so charred by the side-effects of fourth-dimensional warfare that we may find we cannot live on the surface of it. Many may survive the next war; few will survive the next peace.

Viewing this future catastrophe Dr. Jessup, Hamilton Fish professor of international law and diplomacy at Columbia University, who is currently serving as our legal delegate (or rather law expert) to the United Nations as a whole, and who represents this country in the Interim Committee or "Little Assembly" of the General Assembly as well, daringly argues for a revolution in his special field. Article 13 of the UN Charter provides that action shall be taken for the purpose of "encouraging the progressive development of international law." "It is not, therefore," remarks Dr. Jessup, "the moment for delaying the first steps."

Since any revolution is, essentially, a shift of emphasis within a given body of ideas, or, concretely, a redistribution of a given number of things, Dr. Jessup must in the first place establish the validity of what he seeks to revolutionize. Evidence is offered to prove that popular doubts as to whether international law is law are wrong. "Those who have taken the pains to become familiar with the way in which governments behave in their relationships with other governments reach no such discouraging conclusions as those which obsess the minds of the headline-readers." International lawyers affirm that international law is as well observed as national law (Dr. John Bassett Moore) and that persons who think otherwise ignore the fact that the vast majority of treaties are continuously, honestly, and regularly observed even at considerable inconvenience (Dr. Bernard Brodie); nor can such persons be aware of the clause in the Constitution of the United States which gives Congress the power to define and punish, through appropriate legislation, offenses against the law of nations; and probably they do not know the classic statement of Mr. Justice Gray to the effect that "international law is part of our law and must be administered by the courts of justice . . . as often as questions of right depending upon it are duly presented (175 U. S. 677, 700: 1900)." It is

THE AUTHOR: "The whole weakness of the peace movement in the United States is that people can't get together on a program," observes Dr. Philip C. Jessup, U. S. deputy delegate to the United Nations Interim Committee. "They'll work a while together and then fly off on individual projects." He wishes all factions would, among other things, concentrate on the existing international code, an assignment handed him last May as representative on the UN Committee for Progressive Development of International Law and its Codification. He's lavishly equipped for the task—academically and practically. Now Columbia's Hamilton Fish professor of international law and diplomacy (on sabbatical), he has lectured at the Academy of International Law at The Hague; was Assistant Solicitor to the State Department in 1924, assistant to Elihu Root on the World Court, legal advisor to the American Ambassador to Cuba in 1930, and used to practise law. He is trustee of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, was chairman of the Pacific Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations, personnel director of the State Department's Office of Foreign Relief, assistant secretary general to the UNRRA and Bretton Woods conferences. He could write books—and has, among them, "The United States and the World Court," "International Security," and "The International Problem of Governing Mankind." His new book, "A Modern Law of Nations"—completed prior to his UN post—is, emphatically, "not an official statement." Last January the Sorbonne gave him an honorary degree. A 100-hour workweek doesn't allow Dr. Jessup—a tall, wiry man with krinkly hair and serene smile—much leisure for chopping trees, his pet diversion. But he's optimistic about the UN's future. "You never get headlines from lack of friction." Next week debate starts on modifying the veto.—R. G.

—Richard Carver Wood.

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further significant that through the past two centuries all nations have kept staffs of international lawyers to draft or take a hand in the drafting of controversial correspondence, and, as Dr. Jessup says, the question of whether the legal arguments added by these experts are hypocritical is immaterial to this discussion. The record does prove that there is a *law habit*, a propensity to do things in a legal way.

The next difficulty confronting Dr. Jessup and other international law reformers is that one cannot, by definition, revolutionize a habit, because habits are automatic reactions which grow stronger or weaker according to the frequency of the occasions which call for their repetition. The corollary to this is that habits are not reasons, but responses; and if the international law habits of the recent past are feeble the cause must be looked for outside the traditional scope of that law. Despite generations of the most subtle analysis and investigation, all Dr. Jessup can say now (and this is a repetition of what a previous expert said in 1889) is that looking back over the last couple of centuries we see international law at the close of each fifty years in a more solid position than that which it occupied at the beginning of the period; it has progressively taken firmer hold, extended its operations, ceased to involve itself in formalities, and more and more dared to grapple in detail with the fundamental facts. There has been progress all along the line except in one thing. It has not prevented war.

The reason why international law has failed in this particular is that it has been traditionally regarded as a form of tort (or civil) law. However, even minor domestic acts of violence cannot be restrained by civil suits for damages. Such violations are satisfactorily dealt with only by criminal law, and if the law of nations is to cope with them it must also become a criminal law; that is to say its jurisdiction must be extended to include persons as well as nations. Now the theory back of the distinctive element of criminal law procedure—the prosecution of breakers of the peace by the State—is that any violent act is so subversive of the social order that the society is bound to prosecute as well as punish. Dr. Jessup argues that there is a like community of interest in the maintenance of peace among the nations. They ought to enforce obedience to an international criminal code by similar measures of policing, prosecution, and punishment.

It is suggested that so far as specific international crimes are concerned the UN might make a start

by forbidding terroristic activities, the assassination of heads of States, counterfeiting of foreign currencies, the slave trade, traffic in narcotics, and unauthorized manufacture of atomic or other weapons. To catch those who are guilty under such clauses of the international criminal code as well as (and this is much more important) to apprehend individual warmongering politicians *before* they initiate a war "one must contemplate the existence of an international bureau of investigation to arrest persons who may be directing the government of any one of the States which is a member of the international organization."

The author is greatly to be commended for his courage in laying down such a definite bill of particulars. However, while this reviewer would like to pay due respect to Dr. Jessup's notable generosity in offering up as a sacrifice for peace the very law of nations which he has spent all his life to learn, one cannot help feeling that a more serious matter is involved here. The traditional law of nations was not directly concerned with the prevention of war; rather it sought the limitation of war on the basis of a universally recognized distinction between State property and private property, between combatants and non-combatants, between "saturation" weapons which cannot be aimed so as to avoid destruction of property and people, and weapons which can be pointed (at least) at soldiers.

This law may have been pretty well shot to pieces in the last war, but enough remains, apparently, to lead Dr. Jessup to undertake the construction of a halfway-house on the ruins. That will not do; the materials are contradictory, and far from facilitating the evolution of a world government without further bloodshed, the old international law can only hamper that development. The law of nations was, and it still remains, exactly what the words mean: it was a law for the preservation of nations against the worst effects of their own folly in going to war.

How can anything of that sort serve in the denationalization of the world? However, suppose we grant Dr. Jessup his hypothesis. Suppose the various States go on punishing persons for some crimes and the new international organization punishes the same persons for other crimes; and let us also suppose that there are two bureaus of investigation, the one national and the other international. Let us further follow Dr. Jessup's recommendation that terroristic activity, his first substantive proposal, be placed under the jurisdiction of the international bureau of investigation. Now precisely what does it have jurisdiction over? What is terroristic activity? Is it something like the Reign of Terror we read about in French and Russian history? Is it domestic political violence, the aftermath of local insurrection?

Dr. Jessup draws on a precedent from the defunct League of Nations which drafted two conventions (in plain language, intentions) to punish terroristic activity because a Yugoslav dignitary was assassinated in a French town. The precedent may imply that the international bureau of investigation should protect the executive personnel of national governments, or that the League confused "terroristic activity" with "assassination of heads of States," or that the French—who then ran the League so far as the Balkan nations were concerned—secured these conventions in order to placate the infuriated Yugoslavs. The first of these interpretations is of course the only one that is pertinent here.

We must add, therefore, to the international bureau of investigation's work the duty of preserving unwarlike but otherwise hated politicians before they are shot by revolutionaries, as well as catching warlike politicians before they make war. *These actions are to be taken before any overt act is committed.* Can courts as we know them, can any recognizable process of law handle such cases? Can any jury bring in a verdict as to the facts when in fact nothing has happened? Surely Dr. Jessup cannot mean by this an extension of the rule of law; that is self-evidently absurd. Yet the statements quoted are in the book. The atom bomb is an unsettling weapon.

Few of us would object to the sacrifice of international law if that might avert the next war. Should it be all we have to give up to get an effective UN, none of us would really boggle over the cost. However, if such an organization must evolve toward the creation of a duplex police machine its future is dark indeed.

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Pivot of Peace

GERMANY: WHAT NOW? By Joachim Joesten. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1948. 331 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

"HOW MUCH factual information is available to one who wishes to know how the new Germany is organized, what its political complexion is, who its new leaders are, and whence they came, what economic reforms have been carried out, etc."? Joachim Joesten, political writer and author of three books on world events, realized that there is not a single encyclopedia or reference book on Germany that could answer these questions. In "Germany: What Now?" he offers an excellent manual on the country that is today the heart of the world's future. There will be no peace on earth until we have faced and dealt with the German problem.

Political books, in the nature of things, lag behind the events of the day. Mr. Joesten's book is not different. The Germany he writes about is the Germany of October of last year. Since then we have had the London conference; and later forty million Germans of Bizonia's eight states received a new form of economic government. But otherwise the story of the political, economic, social, and cultural developments in defeated Germany is almost up to date. The factual information is accurate, well-organized, and simply and unemotionally delivered.

After a discussion of the patterns of the four-power military government the author describes the sixteen states of the four zones, their constitutions, their political parties. This is followed by excellent portraits of the most outstanding political leaders of the country. While Wilhelm Pieck, former director of the Comintern at Moscow and undisputed boss of Germany's Communists, is well known, Dr. Karl Schumacher, one-armed fanatic Social Democrat and Nationalist, has only lately become famous. The leaders of the non-Marxist parties, Dr. Ehard Jacob Kaiser, Konrad Adenauer, Alois Hundhammer, and Alfred Loritz, adventurer and racketeer, are among many other political figures discussed.

Mr. Joesten tells us he has Junker blood in his veins—his mother was a baroness by birth. His study of the elimination of the Junkers from the German scene, especially in the Soviet zone where land reform has been radical, is no doubt authoritative. The German industrial recovery, the implementation of the Potsdam agreement on industrial production, is carefully analyzed. Germany's steel capacity, her coal output, the end of cartels and trusts, the expropriation of Nazi industrialists, are factually described. The result is: State capitalism in the Soviet zone, Socialism in the British zone (although some German monopolists are occupying important positions), and conservatism in the American zone. Surveying the reparations problem, Mr. Joesten finds that the only way to get effective reparations is to put Germany economically back on her feet.

How about the struggle of ideas in Germany? The second part of the book tries to answer this question. But Mr. Joesten speaks much too briefly about the "battle of seduction" fought by the four powers, about Germany's new nationalism, the Edelweiss movement, and the possible comeback of the Fehme. Anti-Semitism, he states, is as strong today as it was in 1945, but not much evidence is given. Germany's cultural renaissance (publishing houses, the stage, screen, and journalism) is too briefly discussed. Hardly any figures are given. Although the Christian churches probably occupy today a more decisive position in the social and cultural life of Germany than at any time since the eighteenth century, there is only scant reference to post-war religious trends. The role played by Pastors Niemoeller and Barth, Bishop Wurm, and Professor Thielicke is not mentioned nor the influence of the philosopher Karl Jasper and the writer Ernst Wiechert. More information on education, especially in the Soviet zone, should have been obtained. An analysis of the various intellectual magazines of all four zones *(Die Wandlung, Deutsche Rundschau, Frankfurter Hefte, Aufbau, etc.)* would perhaps have completed the cultural picture, and so would have information on the radio stations and the newspapers and magazines used by the four powers to reeducate the German people—with various aims and results.

But Mr. Joesten's popular manual on Germany is nevertheless more than the usual collection of names, dates, and facts. It will enlarge the experience of any reader, even one well-versed in the recent history of the country.

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"A Knotty Problem."

Occupied Nippon

FALLEN SUN. By Noel F. Busch. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1948. 258 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

AMERICAN troops have been in Japan nearly two years and a half, yet you can count the worthwhile books on the occupation on your thumbs. The scarcity is understandable: newcomers (even after a couple of years) find it difficult to write convincingly about Nippon; the old-timers—the men who lived in and wrote about Japan before the war—generally are too confused by post-Hiroshima developments to trust their own conclusions.

That Noel F. Busch, a senior writer for *Life* magazine, has been able to overcome this handicap reflects favorably on his experience as a reporter of world affairs. "Fallen Sun," although apparently based on only moderate actual contact with Japan itself, is a surprisingly well-grounded and thoughtful study of a situation that previously has not been handled well. In fact, Mr. Busch has produced a sort of double feature, since he discusses both the Allied occupation and the Japanese character—two highly controversial subjects. In neither section are his conclusions the easy ones. It is a safe bet they will arouse vigorous comment and a few hoots.

It is possible to accept most of Mr. Busch's conclusions, as this reviewer does, without necessarily agreeing with all the arguments he offers to support them—for example, his thesis that many adult Japanese reactions are basically childish, which is demonstrable. However, quite a bit of thought will be necessary to absorb his proposition that "some of the mass peculiarities shared by all Japanese, which distinguish them from other peoples, nations or races [are] derived from Japanese peculiarities in upbringing." Adult reactions are childish, he says in effect, because the Japanese look back to their child-

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hood as a period of sheer pleasure, and as adults they try to reconstruct the conditions that prevailed in those days. Hence, simple, discordant music, akin to nursery tunes. Hence the strong predilection to close teamwork, as in childhood games. Hence the eagerness to carry out the orders of a superior. That will require some digesting.

In his study of the MacArthur era in Japan, Mr. Busch says flatly, "The occupation is a resounding success," and then goes on to explain wherein and how it is so successful.

In anticipation of the angry objections of other newspapermen who have been in Japan and say the occupation is not a success, Mr. Busch suggests several yardsticks for measuring the results. First, using the "small calipers of what was expected of it at the start, the achievement is almost incalculable." No last-ditch fights, no werewolves, no underground resistance. He suggests comparison with the occupation of Germany; the success in Japan is obvious. Finally, he refers to the basic object of our occupying Nippon, as stated in the Potsdam Declaration: simply to make the Japanese (1) unable, and (2) unwilling to wage war. The first was accomplished within a few weeks of the surrender; the second appears to Mr. Busch to be "so sincere as to be almost embarrassing, for the present at least."

"Fallen Sun" does not whitewash the occupation. "To say [it] is a resounding success is not to argue that it is faultless, or even to impugn the day-to-day stories with Tokyo datelines which often present a very sorry picture of developments." But Mr. Busch himself does not confuse the congenital knuckleheadedness of military thinking or the downright chauvinism of a few top-ranking officers with the success or failure of the occupation as a whole.

Despite his sometimes-Olympian view of Japan under MacArthur, Mr. Busch knows how maddening life in Tokyo can be. The occupation, he says at one point, "suggests at first some sort of nightmare business convention, held amid ruins, to which the entertainment chairman has missed the train and where attendance is permanent and obligatory." Everyone who has served in Tokyo knows that only-half-real atmosphere.

Mr. Busch has maintained an exceptional standard of accuracy in his concrete facts. That breeds confidence in his other statements. However, he has an annoying habit of letting an occasional sentence run riot; a number had to be reread several times; some of them never did make sense.

Fiction. *Novels of solid, patriarchal family life have an increasingly nostalgic appeal these days. Joseph Hitrec's "Son of the Moon" and Martin Boyd's "Lucinda Brayford," reviewed this week, are as unlike as possible. The first is about a large Hindu family, without a single Westerner among its numerous characters, and the second is the story of sixty years of a clannish Australian family who rise to social eminence in England. In contrast to the essential soundness of these alien dwellers by the hearthstone are the neurotic and unhappy Americans in Babbette Hughes's "The Magic Penny" and Eleanor Green's "Dora." The hero of an introspective war novel, John Cobb's "The Gesture," can also look forward to an unsatisfactory life. "Innocents," a collection of eight short stories by an Englishwoman, A. L. Barker, reveals the best writing of the week. These are haunting stories about children and adults, showing that the quality of innocence can be a disturbing and dangerous gift.*

Without the White Man's Burden

SON OF THE MOON. By Joseph George Hitrec. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 379 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

THIS book reveals immediately to the Western reader the abysmal lack of knowledge his previous reading has given him of the enduring realities of life in modern India. Time has swept Kipling's India into the discard; the few novels that have illuminated the darkness of what appeared to be chaos and that have aroused in the Westerner momentary interest and curiosity have been universally concerned with facets of Indian character revealed through conflict with the English ruling class. That is true of even so brilliant a book as E. M. Forster's "Passage to India," and of the sensitive novels of Christine Weston and Rumer Godden. In these and other fictional accounts of the teeming sub-continent the Indian has been the mystic, the starving peasant, the babbling Babu, the revolutionist, the Eurasian, the Oriental corrupted by the West, the Maharaja on his jeweled throne. It seemed impossible to synthesize these bizarre figures and to piece together one solid fragment of what an ordinary Indian of a sound family background might be like. Our conception of Chinese life has been far sharper and clearer, perhaps because the pattern is simpler, or foreign writers have found it easier to penetrate Chinese society.

The author's purpose in writing this long and elaborately detailed novel is apparent from the very beginning—to explain India to his readers, using his knowledge of the traditions and ancient bonds of religion and domestic life as a base. It was an incredibly difficult task of elucidation, for Indian customs and habits seem as remote from the West's as the fabulous tales of early travelers. In a land of eternal chatter, talk, as Mr. Hitrec says, is the favorite indoor sport, so that his novel is rightly conducted through conversations on every subject conceivable.

In its main theme, however, the story is simple enough. An intelligent young Hindu of Rajput ancestry returns to his spacious home outside Bombay after the publicity and fame that a solo flight to India had given him. The British had lionized and entertained this handsome young man as an example of what the West could do for India. The steel fetters of filial devotion, of the solidarity of Hindu family customs, check his ardor to do something for India's advancement. First he wants to lead Indian lecturers on a flying tour around Europe; next, to organize a company to transport pilgrims toward the Himalayas. He is met with gentle but stubborn resistance until powerful currents draw him into his destined role, to become a husband and father, carry on the age-old traditions, and also to yield to the new electric force, the revolution that is on the verge of giving his country independence.

The family of this erring son of

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the Ramsingh's are revealed with charm and understanding. Young Vijay's ailing mother, the essence of Hindu piety and virtue, has the strength of a tender matriarch. His father has sold most of his inherited estates to establish his family near the center of Hindu life. One of his uncles is a wealthy newspaper proprietor and a member of the Congress Party; another has turned into an ascetic saint, a Sadhu; still another lives in a great house in the North and collects ancient paintings and jewels. His aunt is a feminist and a noted revolutionist. He has two charming sisters, one of whom has tasted a British jail. Vigay has a friend, a Muslim, who desperately tries to keep out of politics and in the end is killed by his own people.

At first as the reader enters the novel he has a sense of bewilderment as if he had been plunged into the midst of people who spoke another language and obeyed strange impulses. Suddenly they seem less alien, understandable, and warm-hearted, at times a little pathetic. The solidity of this group that represented the ideals of so many millions of people becomes apparent, and a mysterious fluid, shimmering quality about them is revealed in their conversation and in the delicacy of their response toward each other's natures. They are never brusque or sharp, for the deep roots of their love, and the meaning of the haunting lines of the holy scripts which have become part of their blood stream, condition all of their responses to life.

There are remarkably vivid and memorable chapters in "Son of the Moon." The death of Vijay's mother, almost excruciatingly drawn-out, reveals the entire family, its priests, and its servants taking part in a ceremonial ritual in which everyone shares until the final grain of rice enters the dead woman's lips and the son's torch sets the funeral pyre alight. Vijay's afternoon of love and his marriage to the girl his family had selected for him is another deeply felt episode, the culmination of a romance that is not touched by crudity or commonness.

To reflective readers in more "advanced" and mechanized countries where religion seems to have lost its command over customs and emotions, where family life is commonly broken by divorce, or lived as if it was not intended to endure, this novel may bring confusion or a suspicion that Mr. Hitrec has intentionally painted his wide canvas in bright colors. That he finds Indians admirable and that he believes that their institutions will endure through the centuries is apparent. His conclusions about the endurance of nations and families on the other side of the world is left to the reader's imagination.

THE AUTHOR: Joseph George Hitrec, a serious young man with attractive aquiline features and unorthdox calm for a New York copywriter, went to India in 1932. "As a country it gets into your system very quickly," and a three months' vacation from the university in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, where he was born, stretched into fourteen years. He traversed every crevice of the land, lived with Indian families ("just the men, of course"), added English and a smattering of Hindustani to his knowledge of French, Russian, Spanish, and German—but nearly forgot Croatian. From 1933 until the start of World War II he worked with a British advertising agency in Calcutta and Bombay, then wrote recruiting propaganda and war bond ads. Acute sciatica in 1944 forced his retirement to the Himalayan Mountains for two years. While there, "Rulers' Morning," a collection of short stories, was published, and he drafted "Son of the Moon." Last spring, in America, he finished the book ("I had to get away from India to see it more clearly"), entered it in the Harper contest, and won. No particular novelty for Mr. Hitrec, who took literary laurels with an essay when he was seventeen and two years later published a volume of poems and short stories. In India, the Bombay Art Society gave him first place for a painting. A photograph captured another award. He moved to this country because "it stands for an open mind," although "another influence was the fact that the girl I wanted to marry went to America." She does all his typing and "the really hard work." They're already one-third through another novel about India—"the orphan of the writing world . . . I think it *is* possible to achieve a synthesis between twains, to our mutual advantage." He'd like to revisit India, but the States are home now. "The most important factor of my life these days is becoming an American citizen."—R. G.

Gamut of Purity

INNOCENTS. By A. L. Barker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

BY A NOT too difficult stretch of the imagination, the eight short stories in this volume can be called, as they have been subtitled, variations on a theme. For, in a sense, they are all studies of the quality of innocence. But the stories actually need no relating to each other, since they stand nicely by themselves, each one a substantial accomplishment. It has become almost customary to expect that British writers who prefix their surnames with two initials will be writers of quality, and Miss Barker does not disappoint in the least. She writes good stories, and she reveals herself as a prose stylist of a very high order. The British publication of this book was the unanimous choice for the first annual Somerset Maugham award of five hundred pounds.

The innocence she deals with takes many forms. It can be a child's innocence as, for the first time, he views death and fails to understand what it is; and it can be an old man's innocence as he blindly holds on to his faith in the ability of his country's leaders to preserve the peace. She tells the story of a woman who remained an innocent through most of her life, with the pathetic consequences that result; another tale concerns a child sophisticate who toys with the fate of his innocent elders. All of the stories flash to life under her surprisingly mature hand (Miss Barker has not yet reached thirty) and one is at a loss adequately to trace her influences. Certainly they are not those of the writer whose prize she won.

Perhaps the most remarkable and altogether successful of the stories is "The Iconoclasts," which takes an afternoon in the life of a six-year-old boy, as he plods through the country fields after an elder cousin of ten, who is out to demonstrate his superior qualities of courage and resourcefulness. The younger child views the cousin's death by a fall from the rotting sails of an abandoned windmill, and goes homeward alone, unaware that he has left the fact of death behind him. It is the reader's awareness of the tragedy which gives the story its effect of slow, quiet horror.

And it is just this objective concentration on the *reader* which helps to distinguish this writer. One feels her deep perception of the nature of her story, and her rigorous exclusion of all that does not pertain to the effect

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she wishes to give. In all but one of the stories she manages this with a fine absence of contrivance. However, even in the one exception, "The Innocents," where there is a feeling that the cards are too neatly stacked, the sheer virtuosity of the writing is almost enough to cover over the bare bones of plot manipulation.

Her objectivity is not so hard and clear that it prevents her infusing subtlety and softness into the writing. Miss Barker understands her characters intimately, seems to have lived with them for a long time, and her regard upon them, while clear-sighted, has warm feeling. When she dips into their minds and analyzes their actions, whether it be a woman of fifty or a child of ten, it is done with a grace and a careful lucidity of language which would seem to have required long cultivation.

It is to be supposed that this young writer would get far more attention if a novel had marked her emergence, rather than a group of short stories. It is evidence of her scrupulousness that she has scrapped the novel she wrote. But one cannot help looking forward to a work by her in a larger form, simply because she has such obvious, controlled gifts for fine achievement. This first book should warrant casting an alert eye in her direction from now on.

Psychosis on Broadway

THE MAGIC PENNY. By Babette Hughes. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 247 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

MISS HUGHES has here taken a dark subject and attempted to study it by Broadway's shimmering light. This makes for glamor and decided dash but, strangely enough, minimizes the problem, oversimplifying its solution. Fear is the foe in question, and the triumph over it the motivating force. To discover the trauma is easy enough but to dispel it can and does supply many a writer with pages of probing.

In this particular case the slave to obsession is Richard Chapman. At the age of six he climbed a cherry tree in his own New England backyard and, having achieved the heights, found himself totally unable to descend. The local fire department finally arrived to catch him as he jumped, with the jeers of onlookers ringing in his ears. This derisive laughter is to ring loud and long, thwarting the natural instinct to soar. Apparently it is difficult to believe that what goes up must come down without necessarily crashing.

So the boy grows older, comes to New York, and turns to the theatre. As a second-string reviewer, he is privileged to hear the talk of dramatic critics. And very illuminating, very Aristotelian it is, with learned references to "The Lower Depths" by Gorky and to "Hamlet" by William Shakespeare. This proves immediately too much for Dick. He knows he must write plays himself, and in almost no time "When Lilacs Bloomed" is completed.

The first night is a wow, with everybody, but *everybody*, saluting him. Jules Glaenzer fetes him. Mrs. Roosevelt urges a White House visit, while Alec Woollcott, Billy Rose, John Gunther, Eddie Duchin, Herbert Bayard Swope, Bea Lillie, John O'Hara, and George Gershwin wish him well. But this is fickle, momentary kudos, and emptiness lies ahead. One play has depleted Richard.

Hollywood, drink, women, war, and ultimately the childish magic-penny trick offer escape. However, at long last he marries a loving woman and is made to face ambitious endeavor without fear. This welcome state of grace is due partly to his wife's insistence and partly to an actual physical fall. Free of his phobia, he can face the future with serenity.

The major fault in all this lies in complete lack of charm. If Chapman were less self-absorbed, less egotistical, less cold, his plight would more truly enlist our sympathy. As it is, his gropings seem unwarranted, false, and bothersome.

"It is a fault intellectually for Eleanor Green to present us with religious forgiveness as the 'solution'."

Neurotic Marriage

DORA. By Eleanor Green. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER GROVE

This is a very readable book. The prose has a lovely rhythm and the characters have much more than the usual depth. The main character, Dora, is shown as a sensitive child, dependent on Mother and hating Mother's dominance, yet unable to say "no" to Mother. Of course, she leads an intensely wishful inner life—she feels that she was meant to "shine." When she grows up and marries Leo she attaches to him her wishes, externalizing them and idealizing him. But the marriage ends unhappily. Leo secretly feels unhappy about the fact that Dora was not a virgin when they got married (he feels that she is getting all the happiness from the marriage) and finally Leo forces himself to find out with whom she has slept. When Leo leaves her, Dora is crushed: she has made him her whole life. At this point she meets Father Avila and through him learns the forgiveness of religion.

The first two-fifths of the book that treat of Dora at ten and nineteen are very good. One is reminded somewhat of "To the Lighthouse"—although this is a more journalistic work than that: the problem of Dora's personality is the problem here, whereas Virginia Woolf's problem was deeper, looser, and poetic. In the first of this book there is an opening-out that is not found in the latter parts, which concern themselves with the Dora - Leo relationship. There the book tightens and focuses itself on "forgiveness," and that is its fault.

It is a fault to focus all the elements in the book on one climactic point structurally (especially after the nice looseness in the first portion), and it is also a fault intellectually for Miss Green to present us with religious forgiveness as the "solution" of Dora's problem. For Dora has created, in her relationship with Leo, her own problem—she has idealized him, she has not known him at all, really. So, when she does get hurt Leo is not to be forgiven for something that she was in the main responsible for. Dora's solution of her problem lies within the confines of her own personality.

One cannot help feeling that there is something deeply important here, bound up in the relation of neurosis and therapy, and normality (which must exist, in definition at least, if

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Kinsey.

After three months of furor, we feel justified in assigning to Dr. Kinsey a category all his own. . . . To bring out the implications of the Kinsey study, SRL *asked Dr. Abraham Stone, marriage counselor, author, eugenicist, and president of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, to assemble the opinions of four experts in fields pertinent to the report. Dr. Stone leads off with his own review, followed by Morris Ernst, author and legal expert. Dr. Bernard Wortis is head psychiatrist at Bellevue Hospital, New York; Ruth Benedict, Columbia anthropologist, is the author of "Patterns of Culture."*

1. Eugenics

By Abraham Stone, M.D.

KINSEY has done for the present generation what Havelock Ellis did for the previous one. Ellis, with few valid statistical data but with deep insight and understanding, depicted the various manifestations of human sex behavior and opened man's mind to an appreciation of the varieties of human sex patterns. Kinsey and his co-workers, on the basis of a unique collection of sex histories obtained through personal interviews of some 5,000 men, have given us in the present volume a factual and provocative study of male sex behavior which will enrich human knowledge and which is bound to influence markedly man's thinking and attitudes.

The main theme of the Kinsey book is a study of the frequency of male sex experiences, and of the types of "sexual outlets" which lead to orgasm. These two manifestations are analyzed in great, often in minute, detail in accordance with several biological and social factors. They are correlated with the age of the individual, the age at which he becomes adolescent, his educational background, the occupational class to which he belongs, his rural or urban background, and the nature and strength of his religious affiliations.

The emphasis of the study is perhaps too exclusively upon the physical and mechanistic aspects of sex activity. Little attention is given to the psychological and emotional overtones of sex satisfaction—to affection and tenderness and human sentiment as influences in sex behavior. The word "love," for instance, is hardly mentioned and does not even appear in the index. But this is only the first volume and the subsequent ones will perhaps deal more fully with the more subtle aspects of human sex conduct.

At the beginning of the volume, Kinsey states that "each person who reads the report will want to make interpretations in accordance with his understanding of moral values and social significance; but that is not part of the scientific method, and indeed scientists have no special capacities for making such evaluations. Nevertheless, throughout the report, directly or indirectly, bluntly or subtly, in many ways, Kinsey does make interpretations and evaluations" of his findings. He does not, it is true, pass judgment on any form of sexual activity, but he does point out the social implications, and creates an "attitude" in his approach to these problems. As Morris Ernst remarks in his review below, "Others must take on that chore. Evaluating or recommending is a corrupting influence on fact-finders."

The statistical data collected by Kinsey and his co-workers on the sexual behavior of the American male will be the source of a vast amount of comment, discussion, and debate. Some of the findings have been fairly well-known before and will not cause much surprise to the informed reader. There are other data in the report, however, that had hitherto not been recognized that are of tremendous social significance. Many of them have a direct and immediate bearing upon the problems of sex education, marriage, and family living.

What are some of the implications of the Kinsey report?

(1) Of basic importance is Kinsey's emphasis on early conditioning as of paramount importance in determining the sex pattern of the individual. The attitudes engendered in childhood may determine a boy's sex pattern for life. This fact may have long been recognized by psychiatrists and child educators but Kinsey reinforces this knowledge with impressive statistical data. This knowledge will have to filter down to the general public so that parents may reevaluate their thinking, their attitudes, and their approach in child rearing and development.

(2) Also of importance is the question of age in relation to the frequency of sexual activity. A fact which had hitherto perhaps not been recognized is that maximum sexual activity occurs in the teens. Boys between sixteen and seventeen have more frequent sexual arousals leading to orgasms than they will have at any other period in their lives. With an increasing lag between the ages at which boys biologically mature and economic security is reached, there is a period of several years in the life of every boy when his sexual drive is apparently at its highest and for which no socially sanctioned outlet has yet been provided. The boy seeks his outlet in various fashions, in masturbation, in petting, in hetero- or homosexual relations—but all of these outlets still have the stamp of social disapproval and are therefore a source of much anxiety and conflict to the individual. What can be and should be done to alleviate the physical and psychological harm thus induced is a problem which the educator, social scientist, religious teacher, and physician will have to face frankly and squarely in the future.

(3) The striking differences in sex behavior among different social levels as revealed in the Kinsey report opens a new field for social thinking and social education. Throughout his life, the boy who is destined to have only a grade-school education will differ materially in the degree of his sex behavior and the source of outlets he will seek for his sexual satisfaction from the boy who will go to high school and to college. The psychiatrist

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE. By Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. 1948. 804 *pp.* $6.50.

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and physician, the jurist and the minister who deal with sex problems and sex delinquencies will henceforth have to be much more aware of the educational and occupational background of those who come to them for counsel or before them for judgment.

(4) The intensity of a boy's sexual drive is, according to the report, determined to a considerable degree by the age at which he becomes adolescent. The earlier adolescence begins the more sexually active the boy will be not only during his youth but even in later life. There may be some question about the accuracy of this particular inquiry so far as it depended upon men trying to reconstruct from memory the date of the onset of their adolescence, but if the data are accurate, they show that frequent sexual activity in youth does not impair the sexual capacities at a later age. This is contrary to some statements found in literature on sex behavior and should help to allay many fears and anxieties of young people who have believed that their energies are being "used up" in frequent sexual arousal and orgasm.

As the age at which a boy becomes adolescent depends to a considerable degree upon his constitutional characteristics and the level of his general

metabolic processes, it would seem that the degree of a man's sexual capacity is genetically determined. How he will exercise his sexual functions, however, the outlets he will seek for his sexual needs, whether he will resort to masturbation, premarital relations, or other sexual experience—this, according to the Kinsey findings, will be determined by his social culture and other environmental influences.

(5) The problem of premarital relations confronts us with two aspects for consideration — the moral and the medical. From the latter point of view, the dangers inherent in promiscuous sex relations before marriage are the spread of venereal disease and the occurrence of unwanted pregnancies. The data show that at college level contraceptives are almost universally used and the incidence of both venereal disease and pregnancies is low. On the other hand, among the grade-school population contraceptives are rarely used, with a consequent high frequency of venereal infections and premarital pregnancies.

(6) On the basis of the Kinsey report, the frequency of homosexual relations is high. Kinsey's studies indicate that "at least thirty-seven percent of the male population has some homosexual experience between the beginning of adolescence and old age." It should be made very clear, however, that unless carefully read and interpreted the thirty-seven per cent figure may be misleading. It applies to men who have had any kind of homosexual experience in their lives, and in some instances this may have been but a single experience. It would be like assuming that anyone who had ever stolen a penny from his mother's pocketbook should be classed as a thief. Aside from this, however, the figures still show that ten per cent of men between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five are homosexuals for at least three years and four per cent are exclusively homosexuals throughout their lives. This is very much higher than previously reported figures on the incidence of homosexuality in our culture.

How valid are the statistical data presented? Dr. Wortis discusses this question in his review below. A word of caution, however, is essential. The Kinsey data should not be regarded as final authority on questions of male sex behavior. Kinsey's findings will have to be more adequately supported by physical and psychological studies, a point which Dr. Benedict stresses also from the cultural point of view in the following review.

But whether the statistics in this first study are representative of the entire American population or not, is really hardly of basic importance. The fact remains that Kinsey has successfully broken through an almost impenetrable wall of taboos, prohibitions, and inhibitions and has explored many "untrodden paths" of human sex behavior. These areas he has clearly marked and charted for those who have sight to read and the will to understand. His report will have immeasurable influence upon the sex mores of our time and our civilization.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

BAD HOUSEKEEPERS IN FICTION

Anna Mary Wells, of West Allenhurst, N. J., asks you to identify the bad housekeepers of fiction briefly described below. Allowing five points for each one you recognize, and another five for either the story in which she appeared or the author who created her, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 33.

1. She quarreled with her husband because he brought a guest home to dinner unexpectedly the first time she had tried to make jelly and he and the guest laughed at the mess she had made of herself and the kitchen.
2. Terrified by a sadistic father-in-law, this delicately reared young widow allowed his lonely house on a moor to revert to the condition of a stable.
3. She wrote letters soliciting funds for African missions while her children tumbled about the house dirty and in rags.
4. This "child-wife" was unable to control the servants, keep the household accounts, or even arrange the furniture efficiently.
5. Spending her time in daydreams about romance and the life of the nobility, she neglected her house, squandered her husband's money, became involved in love affairs, and brought him to ruin and herself to suicide.
6. Her husband cooked breakfast and brought it to her in bed, where she spent the rest of the morning thinking about him and her lover.
7. This slatternly mistress of a young medical student climaxed a long and stormy relationship with him by destroying everything in the apartment he had furnished for her.
8. She went about her housework barefooted and in a shapeless Mother Hubbard, but from a meal of biscuits and fatback she always had plenty to share with a stranger.
9. Enjoying poor health, she lay about on sofas and allowed slaves to mismanage her household until her husband's cousin came from New England to care for it.
10. She ran a fashionable household cleverly on no money, but neglected her only child, and, left to herself, lived happily in squalor in a garret.

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2. *Law*

By Morris Ernst

ROCKEFELLER, Indiana University, and the Kinsey staff have made an outstanding contribution to that neglected portion of the law which touches on marriage, the home, and personal behavior patterns related to sexual drives or suppression. After the statistical base of this report is enlarged by studies in geography, race, cultural backgrounds, etc., our statutes on divorce, homosexuality, lesbianism, fornication, adultery, illegitimacy, and all collateral areas—even such as shoplifting—will of necessity be subjected to fierce reappraisal. This prediction is easily understood by those familiar with the tension now evident between the natural law schools and the realist or behaviorist schools of law.

In 1787 the Founding Fathers thought of law in terms of God-Given Rights. "Natural" rights were derived from Sinai or some other mount. Only after Darwin hit at the immutability of life did the law reexamine the gospel of "status quo." Thereafter courts reversed themselves with frankness. Decisions were related to fact rather than myth. In economic fields of law Brandeis encouraged the basing of opinion on facts rather than fancy. Not so in the law of sex behavior. At times the average man—if there be such—was sure of the extent, for example, of extra-marital activity among his friends, and at times his guess may have approximated the figures proven by Kinsey. Nevertheless, society feared to search for the statistical proof, since man is often more comfortable in accepting a "frame of reference" quite at variance from the "facts" as known to him. This gap between fact and fancy permits latitudes of behavior inconsistent with false symbols written into legal sanctions, and the symbol is often used as a condonation of personal acts or as an absolution of personal quiet. Thus the filthy-minded juror is the first to condemn a book, and obscenity laws are still subjectively applied, for there is little objective data on the relation of printed words to man's activity. Before Kinsey, divorce laws had to be written with dreams and illusions. We had no data to help proscribe areas of public condemnation or approval in fields of adultery, fornication, lesbianism, homosexuality, etc.

The result of such ignorance was evident to many. A great social time-lag existed between statutory standards and the practices of our people. For example, if adultery *in fact* would nullify a marriage, as many statutes presume, forty per cent of college-bred males are then, *in fact*, divorced. When the countervailing Kinsey report on women is completed the total figure may prove that we have *in fact* few married friends left, or if the law against contraceptive *use* in Connecticut were not wholesomely nullified by contrary acts, that dark state, in a half century, would be as over-populated as India or Puerto Rico. Hence, we must make distinctions between the guilty and the convicted—*i.e.*, who gets caught! Nullification is often a blessing even though less than the ideal sought by people who wish to reduce the number or acts of disturbing mavericks, and at the same time control the rate of change of community patterns. Failure to repeal often spells little more than lack of courage to confess an error.

In the light of the above scant observations the Kinsey contribution must eventually affect all our sexual legal folkways. The present proposal for a uniform divorce law will take on real meaning against the full Kinsey figures. Then for the first time we may have some data against which we may ask: Are we ready for a national pattern? Will it be the lowest common denominator? Are we finished experimenting in our forty-eight separate state laboratories? Should adultery be the testing ground for smashing the home? Do the *facts* lead to different standards for divorce depending on presence or absence of children — a concept not yet entertained by any state? The Kinsey report may be known as the "Great Legal Question Mark"—provided Kinsey and his staff are wise enough not to hint, even, at any answers, recommend to the doctor a typewriter without adjectives or other letter combinations capable of making evaluations. Not a single passing comment should be made on the effect of the data on present laws, or the effect of the existence of the present laws on the data. Others must take on that chore. Evaluating or recommending is a corrupting influence on fact-finders. It's time now for a staff of lawyers, with zeal and wisdom equal to the Kinsey group, to study the material. Even this first addition to the Kinsey staff should be remote from moral appraisals. It's enough of a job for them to put into parallel columnar form the Kinsey data, the laws of each state, and the impact of such laws on the crime enforcement figures available. Against *facts* society can appraise its goal for men and women in our cultures and our climates.

Such are the exciting and important implications and potentials of the Kinsey Research Magnificent.

3. *Psychiatry*

By S. Bernard Wortis, M.D.

THE KINSEY, Pomeroy, Martin report is undoubtedly one of the most important of contributions to our knowledge of the capacity and va-

(*Continued on page* 32)

"Just pull it down for the commercial."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Fear and War

"HOW DO you and Harrison Smith ever manage to get along in the same office?" asks one of our readers. "Judging by the rather basic disagreements you have so often on the editorial page I should suppose *SRL*'s office must seem pretty crowded when the two of you are in."

Another reader wants to know why N. C. "allows anything to appear on the editorial page that doesn't reflect the views of the editor."

For whatever possible interest an answer to the first question may have, the offices of *SRL* are not yet a Donnybrook Fair or the Weehawken for any Hamilton-Burr encampment. Only when the pens are drawn does Bellona feed, and it is little more than chicken feed at that, although H. S. would probably prefer eagle feed as a more apt literary image. In sum, either out of virtue or necessity, H. S. and N. C. manage to confine their running Battle of the Initials to this page, preserving an almost sparkling amity in their personal relationship, which dates back to the beginning of their association on this magazine almost ten years ago.

As to the second question, the editor would be terrified by the prospect of unlimited dominion over this page, and even more terrified if all his associates were to agree with him—to say nothing about losing all the fun in life that comes from a good (or even a bad) family quarrel. This is the wrong time for absolute sovereignty, whether with respect to populations or publications, and the editor cannot in good grace continue to oppose it in the former while supporting it in the latter. Unless *SRL* readers object, therefore, this page will continue to be a forum of mixed editorial opinion rather than a solitary bugle call.

* * *

Now that the informalities are out of the way, we can come out with it and say that we have never differed more sharply with Mr. Smith than we did with his "Fear and War" editorial of last week. That fear makes hate and hate makes war is entirely true, as Mr. Smith and Homer and others have pointed out.

Our argument, rather, is with the apparent course our colleague takes in order to arrive at those historically sound conclusions. Mr. Smith is nettled and alarmed by those scientists and others who are wandering all over the American countryside conjuring up, as he puts it, apocalyptic visions of atomic horrors in the next war and scaring the beejeebers out of people. Behind all this, says Mr. Smith, is a deliberate strategy of fear motivated by the assumption that only by massive injections of terror can people be persuaded today to arrive at correct decisions. But this only serves, he declares, to create precisely the wrong effect, for it drives people into a war hysteria, making them desperately anxious to be the first to drop the bomb.

First, there is of course no "deliberate strategy." There is no attempt to frighten; neither is there an attempt to conceal. Take the case of an urgent warning. Would that be regarded as poor strategy? If a man's house is on fire, and you are in a position to issue a warning, do you hold back because the effect on him is likely to be fear? Do you stop to map any particular strategy? Are you restrained from telling him anything by the possibility that he may suddenly go berserk and run into the flames? Men have been known to react stupidly to danger, but that doesn't deter you from the simple obligation to acquaint him that a danger exists.

Are the scientists to hold back the simple facts of life of the twentieth century from the people because Americans are supposedly not mature or sane enough to react properly? Are scientists to lie and say that the crisis before America and the human race today is not the most intense and acute in history? Was Secretary Marshall lying last week when he said that no previous period in history confronted America with so grave a danger as it is facing today? Should we expunge expert scientific and military testimony from the records of Congressional committees, declaring that there is no adequate defense against atomic attack, that the first waves of such an attack would probably result in 40,000,000 American casualties, with every city of 100,000 population shattered? Shall we deodorize the unpleasant fact that in laboratories all over the world devices to rip out the heart and soul of man are being systematically and steadily developed—spores carried by air which penetrate the skin, infecting the bloodstream; radioactive poisons carried by the winds; ingenious new diseases that destroy brain tissue?

Sounds fantastic, Mr. Smith might say. But the world today has become one vast fantasia, an arena in which people persist in crawling instead of walking as men were meant to walk, groping because they have eyes but no sight, senses but no perceptions. They still think of themselves as Americans and Russians and Englishmen and Frenchmen and Slavs and Poles and Danes and Swedes and Czechs and Chinese and Japanese and Javanese and a dozen others. There is still no sense of the whole, still no recognition of a fast-lowering ceiling over them all which only direct and common action can hold back and break through. The common peril is measured by niagaras, but the common wisdom by droplets.

YES, AMERICANS can respond to the danger like hysterical cowards and fools, pursuing a maniacal "safety" by being the first to touch off a chain reaction that can demolish human history. Or we can respond to it by rising beyond ourselves, by finding within ourselves those universals of principle and conscience which might yet offer enough of a vital rallying point for humanity. You say it is of no use? You say it is too late? You expose not only your doubts and your fears but your moral poverty.

The one thing we have not yet tried may be the only thing that might work: a grand mobilization of moral purpose around the idea of world government. We had the obligation to propose world citizenship at the end of the war when there was still some momentum of common action carried over from the war. History fairly cried out to us that time was critically important and that combustible tensions would develop as each nation tried to fill the world power vacuum. And that, before long, the tensions would lead to incidents.

The only question today that counts is this: is some supreme moral effort to build a meeting-ground between East and West still worth the effort—even at this late date? And if we decide that it is, let the proposal for the idea reflect some sense of magnificent destiny, some throb of vital purpose, some capacity for communicating and sharing the ideal of world citizenship.

It is not too late, but it has seldom been later.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Vultures of Peace"

SIR: "The Vultures of Peace" [*SRL* Feb. 21] is worth the price of a year's subscription. It should be read by every Congressman, U. S. A. official, and voter. How can it secure a wider circulation than reading intellectuals? The analysis of America after World Wars I and II is so accurately true. It lessens one's present despair of our country to know men like Howard Mumford Jones speak out the truth "in words as hard as cannon balls."

ANNIE E. SNYDER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Jones, like so many others, ignores the sad fact that the only Russians our actions can influence are the few leaders at the top of the Soviet hierarchy. Only these few receive uncensored news of what we say and do, and they seem no more responsive to our attempts at collaboration, as witness Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, and our offer to give up the atomic bomb, than was Hitler at Munich. Mr. Jones indicates that Gandhi symbolizes the kind of foreign policy we should adopt. No doubt such a policy would be highly rewarding if the Russian people controlled their own destiny. But in fact we are dealing solely with a handful of Communist chieftains at the top, and their announced philosophy justifies the secret police, the concentration camp, the manipulation of the mass mind—and the kind of violent act which brought Gandhi's life to an end.

WILLIAM LISCUM BORDEN.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Of course, being only a seventh-generation American, I am illiberal, a reactionary, etc., etc., but I certainly take exception to some of the ideas set forth by Mr. Jones. It is at least poor taste to speak of Coolidge's "snarl," for one thing. There is little credit given to the members of Congress in both parties who are honestly trying to remedy a situation of which, by any reckoning, we are not the instigators. This is *not* the time for the recommended unfathomable calm.

Does anyone really think that MacArthur's methods in either their details or broad applications are to be classed, and by inference put below, the methods of the Roman conquerors?

The consideration of ways and means certainly is something different from "haggling." What would the author have us do? "He that neglects his own is worse than an infidel."

TOWNSEND J. SMITH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Jones advocates the formulation of an irrationality of "good" to be pitched against the demonic irrationality of fascism or against the vacuum left by its disappearance. He recognizes the extent of power wielded by essentially mystical political ideologies over the searching, frustrated, and lonely population of Europe (surely, Mr. Jones does not think that Europeans are the only lonely people).

In that region of the human personality which the analysts have described as the unconscious lie hidden the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of human motives, impulses, and desires. The apostles of extermination camps and the jungle creed have lately come to regard this region as legitimately their own. Misguided humanists have blown into the horn of shallow materialism by shrinking disdainfully away from the non-reason, non-intellect parts of human individuality.

Yet what could be more irrational than a Gandhi expecting people to refrain from following up their immediate, material, reasonable impulses and interests lest he starve himself? He had confidence in the "good" unconscious (where once before, by the way, Lucifer was banished). Europe today, Mr. Jones states, hungers for spiritual strength, for the irrationality of Good.

There is a great power in the images of human brotherhood, in the noble democratic ideals proclaimed in a sense of reverence, as ultimate concerns in the sense of human brotherhood as a mystical body. Christ, by the way, symbolizing human love and peace, conquered the world without the Marshall plan.

HENRY LOEBLITZ LENNARD.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"What if it is Lady Godiva?"

Thirty-three Skiddoo!

SIR: Let's not rush things. Leonard Bernstein was born August 25, 1918. That makes him twenty-nine, not "thirty-three" as reported in MY CURRENT READING.

HOWARD WATSON.

Boston, Mass.

Propaganda Bullets

SIR: Much has been printed on the ideological struggle going on in France, but little publicity has been given to the American institutions which are effectively combating the propaganda directed against us. The value of American books and periodicals in this battle are obviously of paramount importance. The twenty-eight-year-old American Library, founded by private American citizens, provides not only knowledge of our way of life through its up-to-date collections, but also demonstrates one of our great educational contributions, our library system.

Prior to World War II, our members were eighty per cent American. Now this large percentage is French, with ten per cent to fifteen per cent American and English, and twenty-nine other nationalities represented in the balance. In 1947, with a collection of 50,000 titles and 400 periodicals including scientific and technological reviews, our circulation was the highest since 1930, 103,987. In December alone, the circulation figure was 10,247, the highest since 1931, the earliest date at which statistics are available for comparison—this in spite of strikes and paralysis of transportation. The reasons for this activity are obvious. The French are reading English as never before (over one thousand students are enrolled in the "*cours d'enseignment d'anglais*" at the University of Paris). The years of isolation under the Nazis made the French ravenous for our books; they saw our magnificent war effort; they know of our amazing progress in science and technology. Also, books are expensive and hard to come by. For 1,000 francs, the price of a meal at a better restaurant, a year's membership permits taking home two books and two periodicals, changing them as frequently as desired. A student's or teacher's membership is half that amount.

Recognizing the importance of these young people and their professors, a Left Bank Branch was opened January 15 in space generously donated by the Carnegie Endowment for In-

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ternational Peace at 173 Boulevard Saint Germain in the presence of the American Ambassador, the French Premier, the Rector of Paris, the Director of the Bibliothéque Nationale, and many other well-known Americans and Frenchmen. This branch contains a collection of works in the fields of English and American literature, and also houses a small collection of current American fiction, non-fiction and representative magazines. Unfortunately, the dollar budget for the purchase of books is most inadequate, but college and university libraries here have been sent appeals asking for duplicate copies of literary and critical works.

As a matter of fact, books are also needed in the main library in all fields except law and medicine. Perhaps your readers will help the library by mailing their current books directly to the American Library in Paris, Inc., 9 rue de Téhéran, Paris VIIIe.

Further information about the Library is available at the New York office, Room 2325, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17.

MRS. RICHARD E. MEYERS,
Assistant Secretary.

New York, N. Y.

Wartime Sweden

SIR: In reviewing "Continent in Limbo," by Edith Sulkin [*SRL* Jan. 3] some statements in connection with Mrs. Sulkin's chapter on Sweden certainly deserve comment.

Mr. Padover, dealing with Sweden's neutrality during the war, said among other things: "The Swedes . . . had been *really* neutral during the war—not merely neutral politically, for which they could be forgiven, but neutral spiritually and intellectually. Most of them, it seems, saw no difference between the Nazis and the democracies. Even the suffering and heroism of their Norwegian cousins had not shaken the Swedes in their determination to be luxury-enjoying bystanders. . . ." That is, of course, not true and only very few people in the United States can be so badly informed as not to know better. More important here, however, is that Mr. Padover's statements have no foundation at all in the book he reviews. Even if they should have been justified by Mrs. Sulkin's reportage I think that opinions on another country's foreign policy during one of the most crucial periods of world history should be built on more reliable and serious material than a journalistic diary, which has been presented without any pretensions. As an introduction to a study of Swedish neutrality during the war, I should like to refer to the extremely interesting and valuable analysis in *Foreign Affairs*, April 1945, by Professor Bruce Hopper of Harvard, who spent two years in Sweden during the war and who was able to write with the authority of a man who knows his subject.

ARNE BJORNBERG.

West Hempstead, N. Y.

"Little Men," What Now?

SIR: Ben Lucien Burman's article on the "Little Men," [*SRL* Jan. 17] decorticating the faking critics, was about the best thing I have ever read on the subject. To embrace this cause would be a great step upward for your or any other periodical. I firmly believe that no greater public service is possible. Nothing could make me feel more at home in the world than a return to critical decency in literature, and perhaps a good many thousands feel the same way.

GRANVILLE TRACE.

Atascadero, Calif.

SIR: Ben Lucien Burman accuses the critics of simultaneously supporting every school of writing except the objective and nowhere offers us a definition of objective writing. Ignoring the whole development of modern psychology, he offers us as an indisputable fact the theory that the "average human being is an essentially childish character. . . ." Instead of giving a careful statement of the theory of naturalism, he relies on the old saw that the naturalist sees only the sordid side of life.

Included in this sea of charges is the simple misstatement that modern critics are unaware of the early relationships of music and story-telling. Mr. Burman has every right to deny himself the privilege of appreciating Joyce but he has no right to ignore Joyce's special appreciation of that fact. I should also like to know which critics have fostered the notion that anyone can be a writer. And what *are* the doctrines of formlessness and diffuseness with which the "Little Men" are destroying our literature?

The conclusion which calls upon artists to push the "Little Men" back into their caves smacks strangely of just that fanaticism which Mr. Burman assigns to the critics. He has every right to his opinions but in offering them for publication, he also has the responsibility of defining his terms and substantiating his claims.

JULIET G. POPKIN.

Iowa City, Ia.

Nostra Culpa

SIR: Fie upon your make-up editor for so thoroughly scrambling Professor Carlton Wells's dictionary comments in "ACD: Contender for Cinderella Seller's Crown." [*SRL* Jan. 24]. It seems scarcely sporting to burden the Funk & Wagnalls dictionary with the alleged shortcomings of the Merriam-Webster "Collegiate."

Fie, too, upon Professor Wells for his astonishing statement that in the F&W book "pronunciation is indicated by an irreducible minimum of symbols. . . ." Eleven months ago the first important postwar dictionary was published. It is "Words: The New Dictionary" and one of its unique features is that it has entirely eliminated confusing diacritical symbols. "Words" pioneered a technique of phonetic respelling which is revolutionary in its very simplicity—a technique highly praised by such authorities as Mencken, Hayakawa, Warfel, and others.

Though "Words" is priced substantially below the dictionaries considered in this article, it is difficult to understand how your critic could have attempted his survey of the "desk-dictionary field" without giving some consideration to this freshest and least tradition-haunted of popular American dictionaries.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

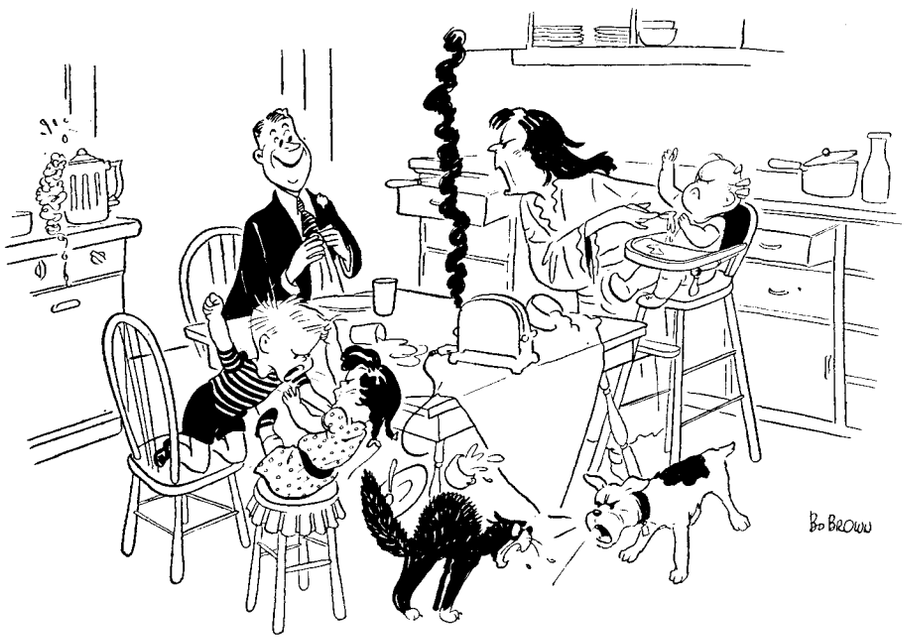
New York, N. Y.

SIR: After reading the last six paragraphs of my recent article on desk-dictionaries, I find myself in a state of confusion—and of anxious dismay. Somehow the order of the final six paragraphs was so jumbled as to make me say discontinuous, topsy-turvy things about Webster's "Collegiate," "The New College Standard," and "The Winston" dictionaries.

CARLTON F. WELLS.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Wells is correct but no more dismayed than* SRL. *The sequence for the last six paragraphs of "ACD: Contender for Cinderella Seller's Crown," as printed, is three, four, one, two, five, and six. Apologies are also due Eliot Janeway for a misplaced paragraph in his "White House Doghouse," Jan. 17.*



"What did *you* do—get up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?"

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Personal History.

Lord David Cecil's suave study of Thomas Gray and Dorothy Osborne (see below) is aptly titled "Two Quiet Lives." Neither the career of Big Jim Farley, nor that of the reviewer here of his memoirs, Robert S. Allen (once of Pearson and Allen, the gadfly team of radio), could be described as quiet. Both men were enmeshed in the stirring days of the New Deal, that great American period of reform and experiment which after fifteen years is still a living issue, can still stir up controversy. Dixon Wecter's forthcoming "The Age of the Great Depression" will be one of the first objective histories of the New Deal period, but generally we are still in the memoir stage. Supplementing Farley's memoirs in the next months will be those of Henry Stimson and Cordell Hull, followed later by Harry Hopkins's diaries.

How Roosevelt "Done Him Wrong"

JIM FARLEY'S STORY: The Roosevelt Years. By James A. Farley. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 388 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ALLEN

PROFESSIONALLY, Jim Farley is one of the most genial and likable men in politics. He is particularly popular with newspapermen, because of his unfailing availability and candor. If he can't talk, he says so. He never gives a newsman a "bum steer." Also, outwardly at least, he doesn't react to critical articles as if they were personal grudge attacks. Farley's favorite expression is, "I don't care what you say about me just so you spell my name right."

Knowing him for years as a friendly and ingratiating politico, it was a shock, therefore, to read his memoirs of the Roosevelt Administration. By his own words ("assisted" by the malevolently anti-New Deal Walter Trohan of the *Chicago Tribune*), Farley portrays himself in a light so shoddy and inglorious that no critic, deliberately gunning for him, could do better. In exhaustive detail, he pictures himself as a man of the pettiest instincts and motivations, with a fantastic capacity for self-delusion and self-aggrandizement, and the possessor of apparently inexhaustible gall and deviousness. By his own statements, no confidence is too inviolate to break, and no aspersion too low to cast—provided it will smear the man who gave him his place in the political sun, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Above all, Farley delineates himself as completely devoid of any grasp or understanding of the nature and significance of the world-shaking events through which he moved as a leading figure during the fateful Roosevelt decade.

In his "Story," Farley sees everything only in his own shallow reflection, ambitions, machinations, and malice-steeped frustrations. All else means little or nothing to him. About the Gethsemane of the Hoover depression, the strident and exuberant reform jamborees of the New Deal, the devouring global war, there is nothing to be found in Farley's story. Only the spiteful tale of how Roosevelt "done him wrong" and kept him from being Vice President, or, possibly, even President. Jim solemnly sees no reason why it couldn't have been the latter just as well as the former, although he was willing to settle for VP on a ticket that offered the hope of moving into the White House to fill out an unexpired term.

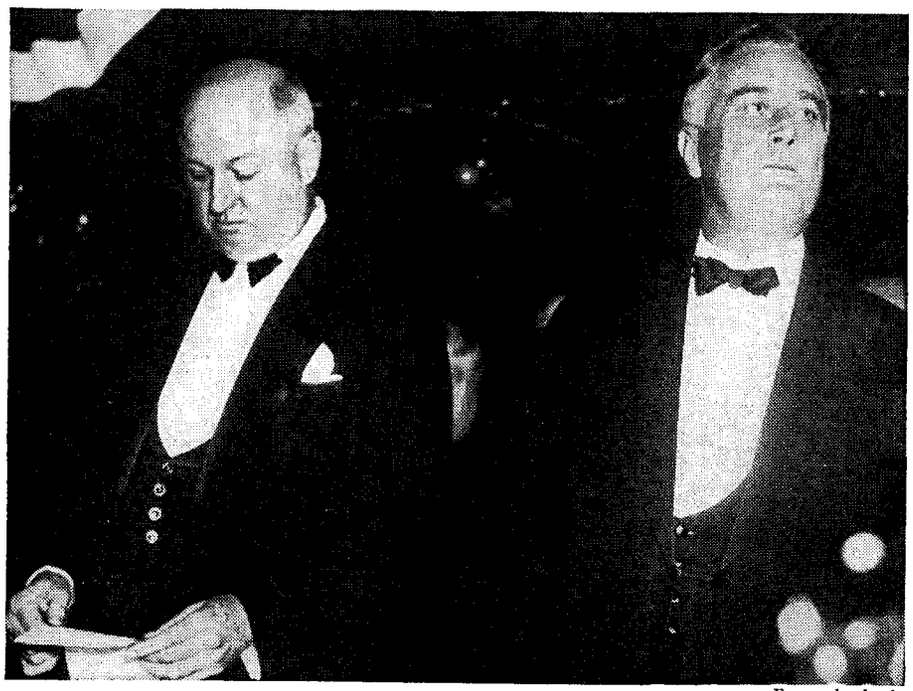
Right from the start, Farley reveals frankly that he joined up with Roosevelt because he seemed to be going places, after Jim's real hero, Al Smith, had gotten nowhere. Jim's account of the 1932 convention is a tale of crass bartering on the Vice Presidency for delegates. Similarly, he discusses on a "dollar-and-cents" basis various appointments that were made after the election. Some appointments, he adds as a sort of afterthought, were made "because of ability." Finally, Farley sums up his political credo thus:

> Men are not nominated, as a rule, for the Presidency because they are outstanding men in the party from the standpoint of ability and experience. Many fine men, who would have made great Presidents, could never be nominated. This was true in the past and it is true today. National conventions of both parties usually pick the man who is considered the most available from a vote-getting point of view with a secondary emphasis upon his competence as President if elected.

It is possible this statement may be doubly revealing. It may hold the clue to the long-astounding mystery of why Farley took himself so seriously as a Presidential candidate.

As he pictures it, the world in which Farley moves here and has his being is a very simple one. He believes he made Roosevelt President of the United States singlehanded and alone, and that he was re-elected the same way. Further, Farley bitterly feels that he never received enough gratitude and thanks for these monumental feats. And, finally, Farley believes that Roosevelt's debt was so overwhelming that it could have been repaid only by making Farley his successor, or at the very least, allowing him to select the successor.

Over and over again, Farley quotes



—*From the book.*

"Jim Farley believes that Roosevelt's debt was so overwhelming that it could have been repaid only by making Farley his successor."

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various persons who assured him that he had "grown" in his years in Washington. Over and over again, he says that people with really good judgment thought he was capable of being President. Over and over again, he relates how he worked himself into thinking Roosevelt would support him, and then how bitter he was when it didn't turn out that way. No other national committee chairman of either party has ever suffered from this particular form of delusion. But that may be due to the simple fact that no other national chairman was ever afflicted with the gnawing and flagellating inferiority complex that obviously plagues Farley.

A poll of fifty Washington newspapermen in 1939 casts a cold and realistic light on the real extent of the Farley boom, even if it isn't very creditable to the political foresight of these pundits. Seventeen believed Garner would be nominated; eleven picked Roosevelt; ten Hull, and the remainder were "scattering."

Farley relates how he wept with pride and rapture when the aged and hate-ridden Senator Carter Glass of Virginia nominated him at the 1940 convention. Jim knew it was an empty gesture. He knew that Roosevelt would be nominated for a third term in spite of him. To a man with a different kind of an ego, the spectacle of a Carter Glass nominating him, would not have been an accolade. But Farley, who was supposed to have "grown," rhapsodizes about the event:

> Then came my greatest thrill in politics. I have known many moments of exaltation in politics. The thrill I received when Roosevelt was first nominated in 1932 was tremendous. I was thrilled by his election. I was thrilled at his inauguration. I enjoyed a great personal thrill that afternoon when I took my oath of office as Postmaster General. I was thrilled by the second nomination in 1936. And on election night that year when my prophecy of forty-six states to two came true I thought I had experienced more thrills than any man has a right to expect in politics. But that night in the dingy old stadium office, all previous thrills paled into insignificance. . . . I hung on his [Glass's] every word.
>
> During this speech I thought of my dead mother and how proud she would have been had she been able to be present. I thought of the father I hardly knew. In my mind's eye I could see Bess in her box and Betty and Ann on the platform. I was happy to have them hear my name presented and I hoped Jimmy was listening to the radio as I was. . . . I welled with sentiment. Never in my wildest dreams had I thought I would live to see the day when my name would be seriously presented to a Democratic convention for the office of President of the United States. . . .

If that were all, it could be written off as pitiful and touching. So, too, might the story of how the sly and crafty Jack Garner flattered and fooled this "smart" Yankee politician and used him for years as a pliable tool in a well-laid plot to destroy Roosevelt and every New Deal principle and tenet. For it is clear that to this day, Farley does not realize this; that he is totally unaware that the seasoned and reactionary old Texan played on his weaknesses, capitalized on his entree into the White House, and used him again and again to do things that Garner couldn't do himself.

But there is even more to this astounding story of Jim Farley. There is one thing that not even his harshest critics probably would have charged against him.

From his own incontrovertible evidence, Farley, the hale-and-hearty back-slapper, the great glad-hander and ebullient greeter, records himself as having been deceitful to nearly every member of the team on which he played, from the President right down the line.

Farley makes a great ado about loyalty being one of his outstanding qualities. But if he was loyal to anyone or anything except himself, the record of that is not to be found in his book. He hurried away from every cabinet meeting, from practically every conversation to make notes of what went on and what was said. Others did the same thing. But they seemed to have had somewhat different notes, and to have used them differently. Farley jotted down the petty, the cutting little remarks, the sly jokes, the things that men say when they are tired or tight and never expect to go beyond the room.

On page after page, he reports things that were said to him in confidence, about individuals both living and dead. He appears to have repeated many of them at the time, where they would do the most harm to the person who said them. He entered into a plot with Garner to "stop Roosevelt," and alternates protestations of virtue with obvious rage that Roosevelt outmaneuvered him. He praises Garner lavishly as one of the greatest men he has ever known, but doesn't hesitate to note that when Garner saw a chance for his own nomination in 1940, he began plugging for an anti-lynching law.

In the end, Farley resorts to a charge that Roosevelt's third and fourth terms had a damaging, perhaps fatal, effect on world events and the future of the country. Farley does, however, stop short of acclaiming Harry Truman as a greater statesman than Roosevelt. But Farley does conclude as follows, "Of all the persons I have met in some degree of intimacy, I consider the greatest to be His Holiness, Pope Pius XII."

There have been reports of late that Farley harbors new political aspirations. If he does, he had better forget them. After this book, he couldn't be elected dogcatcher. With this book, he has driven the last nail in his political coffin. He is now deader than Webster's famed mackerel that "glitters and stinks in the moonlight."

Tribute Terminated

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

HONOR can boast my pauperdom
Who laid a stringent claim
On all I reckoned dear. The sum
Paid out in honor's name
Included love and hope and pride . . .
Excruciating quittance!
I hope that honor's satisfied.
He's had my last remittance.

My Current Reading

Chester Bowles, former OPA chief, has sent us the list of books below, which, he writes, "I have either finished or am in the process of reading." His letter continues: "I also subscribe to and read the London *Tribune*, the London *Economist*, *Foreign Affairs*, *Harper's*, The Foreign Policy Reports, the *American Economic Review*, the *Journal of Farm Economics*, and *The United States News*. And then, when everything gets too overwhelming, I retreat into *Yachting* to plan cruises to the West Indies, which probably will never take place."

THE MEETING OF THE EAST AND WEST, *by F. S. C. Northrup (Macmillan)*

HOW TO STOP THE RUSSIANS—WITHOUT WAR, *by Fritz Sternberg (John Day)*

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS, *by Edward Crankshaw (Viking)*

THE GREAT REHEARSAL, *by Carl Van Doren (Viking)*

THE AGE OF JACKSON, *by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Little, Brown)*

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Tranquil, Civilized Hearts

TWO QUIET LIVES. By Lord David Cecil. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 256 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

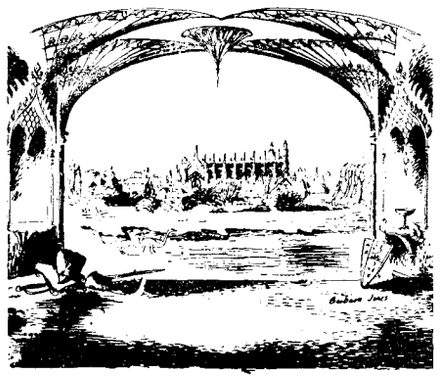
IT IS almost a decade since Lord David Cecil's "The Young Melbourne" was published. A fascinating, exquisite work, written with a suaveness rare in biography, this first-rate eighteenth-century dual picture of one of England's great statesmen and one of her most colorful, erratic females (the "sad, mad, bad, Lady Caroline Lamb") left us crying for more. The latest book from Lord Cecil, a descendant of the best in English critical tradition, uncommonly well acquainted with the literary and social history of his country, provides as enchanting and accomplished a literary study, or studies, as we have had thus far from his deft and graceful pen. Lord Cecil has chosen for his subject two quiet figures, Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray, the poet. His prime excuse for writing about them springs from a curiosity about the variety and complexity of temperament which made them both akin although they lived in different centuries.

Of the two, Dorothy Osborne's elegant and gracefully-styled love letters she wrote to her future husband, Sir William Temple, against the seventeenth-century turbulence of an England under Cromwell, have given her a secure reputation in English letters. Most of us, however, are more familiar with the famed eighteenth-century English poet who gave to the world the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," and the seven or eight not very long poems produced over thirty years. As for the man himself —the retiring little poet-don of Cambridge—his friendship for the aristocratic, dilettantish Horace Walpole, their celebrated quarrel, Gray's neurotic fear of life, and the melancholy cloud which hung over him nearly all of his life, such behind-the-scenes aspects had to wait for the intelligent, sympathetic interpretation of a scholarly artist like Lord David Cecil.

—Illustrations from the book jacket.

In the presence of such unmistakable mastery of English prose, the reader comes away from contemplating the personalities described in these delightful pages with reluctant goodbyes. "Was it not some unusual fineness of nature; an eye for the truth, depth, and delivery of feeling, the presence to be detected in them of a strong and beautiful inner life," asks Lord Cecil, which makes us admire them, feel inferior to them? "Melancholy, monotonous, thwarted, neither life was a delightful spectacle," he reminds us. For Dorothy, with all her brooding loveliness, could be morbid as well as unreasonable: while Gray, what with his primness, his touchiness, and his egocentric nervous fads, could often be tiresome in the extreme. But whatever their defects, Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray were never "hard or shallow or godless." Nor were they ever dull: "The clear twilight, in which they lived, gleamed and trembled with the play of their humor and their imagination: these two qualities, which more than all others, distinguish the man from the animal."

To Thomas Gray human life involved more pain than pleasure. "I am a fool to be surprised at meeting with brutishness or want of thought among mankind," he exclaimed bitterly. And yet Gray was not a pessimist in the strict sense of the word. The whole tradition of thought in which he had been reared would not permit him to be. "Our inclinations are more than we imagine in our power; reason and resolution can direct them, and support us under difficulties." A confirmed celibate, profoundly moral in outlook, Gray believed that man lived to be virtuous. He did not approve of mankind in any collective form or manifestation. Even his friendships were always private, individual affairs, conducted "in a series of tête-a-tête interviews." Fussy, disdainful, given to supercilious poses, Gray was not exactly a sociable person to the outside world. Study and idleness, solitude and friendship, nature and art, however, were blended together in his contemplative life.



We are inclined to agree with Lord Cecil when he says that artists' lives can often be disillusioning to read about. Alongside the tempestuous, disordered patterns in the careers of Verlaine, Dostoievsky, and D. H. Lawrence, Gray's life furnishes a pleasant contrast. In fact, reading about the sequestered existence of Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray, so engagingly told here, makes it very clear to us why the author admires their eloquence and delicate sense of style and, still more, the civilized heart beating within their tranquil lives.

Fountain of Youth

By Lloyd Frankenberg

HERE where the land unravels into the ocean
And a ravel of roots in the water is an island,
Or shale that lets the salt through to the well,
How do the trees tell time that has no turning
Autumn to winter, winter into spring?

The limetree bears all seasons of the year
In tight white buds that burst to a green heart
And always lime in the leaf. The spider spins
Leaftip to grasstip, goblin in a lifenet.
The coco palm, a windmill gone to moss

(How does the shape of motion stay so still?)
Drapes the sky with its blades until a wind
Off the Atlantic whips them to rusty life
And a sing like rain; until the real rain comes
Bouncing in the bougainvilleas and the muddy gutter

Takes the print of the foot. In the last weather
The sun prevails upon a thin cement,
The leaves turn yellow, something is always dying,
Buds of rebirth waiting the next rain,
Death robbed of sorrow, life of expectation.

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Seeing Things

GUIGNOL À LA SARTRE

THAT "The Respectful Prostitute"* is at once exciting and anguishing, I neither would nor could deny. It is strikingly performed, especially by John Marriott and Meg Mundy. Its tensions are at times almost unendurable and of a violence not often encountered behind the footlights.

No wonder New Yorkers have gone flocking down to Bleecker Street to see it. Or that most of those who have seen it have felt their expeditions justified. Or that, with Thornton Wilder's "The Happy Journey" replacing Lennox Robinson's unsatisfactory "Church Street" on the bill, it will soon be moving uptown in the hope of winning a wider public.

Jean-Paul Sartre's playlet has been one of the season's minor sensations. That the effects it achieves are bruising, I grant most willingly. But that these effects are of the high and honest kind some of my colleagues have found them to be, I cannot persuade myself. Nor did M. Sartre persuade me.

No script of recent years has, to my way of thinking, been so overpraised as "The Respectful Prostitute." Or perhaps, in the interests of accuracy, I should say been praised so extravagantly for the wrong reasons. What has been saluted as if it were a serious drama having its origins in the Scottsboro case strikes me as being no more than a cartoon luridly and effectively drawn with greasepaint.

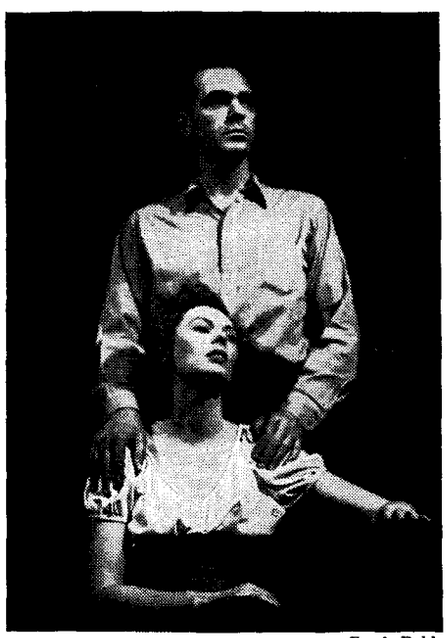
There was a play, a fine indignant play, written once upon a time by John Wexley about the Scottsboro case. It was called "They Shall Not Die." It, too, was a melodrama; as melodramatic as the shocking facts of the case itself demanded. But it was written by an American, not a foreigner, and not written merely as a spine-twister. It was the real thing instead of a synthetic product. It did not have that inescapably bogus air about it which, for example, "Till the Day I Die" possessed, when Clifford Odets as an American tried to write about the Nazis. Its concern was truth rather than contrivance. Its feeling was inside U.S.A., not outside. It belonged to life no less than to the theatre, whereas M. Sartre's playlet is almost entirely undiluted theatre.

Moreover, "The Respectful Prostitute" is theatre of a very special sort. In spite of its Southern trappings and its sociological overtones; in spite, too, of the appeal made to our consciences by its very subject matter, it is no more than one of those tawdry thriller-dillers which the Grand Guignol used to produce in Paris. The wonder is that "Au Téléphone" is not on the same bill with it, since psychologically and dramatically the two are so much on a par.

Do not misunderstand me. There is nothing wrong with guignols. But neither is there anything very exalted or profound about them. However low their position in the realm of art may be, their place in the world of entertainment is legitimate. When good, they provide excitements not to be had elsewhere. They are designed for a special, rather jaded public. Their job is to horrify, to enthral, indeed to torture playgoers until an odd pleasure is created out of pain. To do this, they stoop to any excesses, any devices, and almost any foolishness. Taken on their own level, they are acceptable enough. But to mistake one of them for what it is not, merely because its theme happens to be tragic and profound, seems to me to represent a sad surrender of critical perceptions.

The truth is that, given a passable production and certainly a production boasting an actress of Miss Mundy's merits, "The Respectful Prostitute" could hardly be expected to fail. It is as sure-fire as high octane gas. Although as theatre it may rivet the attention, as playwriting it rarely deserves respect. Everything about it is suspiciously easy. When he wrote such ambitious dramas as "No Exit" and "The Flies," M. Sartre took his real chances with ideas no less than characters. This time he has taken no chances whatsoever. He has merely taken out every form of cheap insurance to cover his melodramatic effects.

Playwrights seldom go wrong with prostitutes. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has not been more reliable financially than the fallen sisterhood is apt to prove theatrically. Even Roswitha, that nun with the wandering mind, sensed this. It was she, after all, who in the tenth century amused herself (and others) in her convent at Gandersheim by writing—most morally, of course—about such a forerunner of Sadie Thompson, Anna Christie, and Blanche Du Bois as Thaïs.



—Fred Fehl.

"Meg Mundy's playing is one of the few honest features in a meretricious play."

M. SARTRE does not content himself with reaching for the regulation stencil of the regulation stage prostitute. For good measure he also throws in a lynching story, prefabricated in its agonies. He supplies dialogue which, as translated, is either the sort of tough-guyese that writes itself automatically or the most absurd travesty of supposedly well-bred Southern speech. He has mobs running and bloodhounds baying offstage. Knowing that it is hard for an audience to be bored in the theatre when a character points a pistol, M. Sartre raises the ante and shows us two characters pointing pistols at one another.

In dealing with the persecuted Negro he indulges in all the time-honored dodges dear to pursuit melodramas—the sudden knockings on the door, the footsteps of the mob mounting the stairs, the desperate attempts to conceal the hunted man, and cross-examination scenes either with the local constables or with a smooth-tongued mastermind—in this instance, a Southern Senator.

M. Sartre's characters are not written from life but for each scene in which they appear as that scene comes along. There is no good reason, for example, why the Senator's son should behave as he does at curtain rise except to create suspense. We learn later that he has spent the night with the prostitute. His hope, really his business, had been to clear his cousin by persuading the prostitute to sign a statement saying that an innocent Negro had attacked her on a train a short time back.

THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE, a play in two scenes by Jean-Paul Sartre. Adapted from the French by Eva Wolas. Directed by Mary Hunter. Setting by Robert Gundlach. Presented by New Stages, Inc. With a cast including Meg Mundy, John Marriott, Karl Weber, Willard Swire, William Brower, Wendell Holmes, and Martin Tarby. At the New Stages Theatre.

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"Something for you to see at your earliest convenience." —Gibbs, The New Yorker
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A Play of Fire and Fury." —Morehouse, Sun
ROBERT WHITEHEAD & OLIVER REA present
JUDITH ANDERSON · DENNIS KING · FLORENCE REED
in "MEDEA"
Adapted by ROBINSON JEFFERS
Staged by JOHN GIELGUD
ROYALE, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats., Wed. & Sat.

"A SUPERB DRAMA" —Atkinson, Times
IRENE M SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
A New Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • ALBERT RUIZ
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

"HERE'S A HAPPY HIT." Garland, Jrn'l-Amer.
MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present
THE HARTMANS & HANK LADD
in The Smash Musical Revue
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DIRECT HIT" —WINCHELL PAUL KELLY in COMMAND DECISION
with JAY FASSETT • PAUL McGRATH
FULTON · W 46 ST. EVES. incl. SUN. 8:40 · NO MON. PERF.
MATS. SAT. & SUN.

"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN" Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS
in
G. Bernard Shaw's Comedy of the Sexes
Man and Superman
HUDSON Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. BR. 9-5641
Evs. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

Yet how does this ambassador of evil ingratiate himself with the prostitute and try to lead her into what would be both perjury and murder? He starts off by being as rude to her as if he had come to collect her in the Black Maria. He then insults her, though his pockets bulge with bribe money, by offering her a measly ten dollars for the night she has spent with him. It is this same ridiculous man who later in the evening saves his life, when the prostitute is about to shoot him, by spouting a speech about his illustrious ancestry which surely is one of the silliest speeches ever written. Southerners, heaven knows, can outdo the Chinese in ancestor-worship. But no one, not even the kind of Southerner who takes his daily exercise by climbing in his family tree, would, I venture to say, think of remembering his forebears at such absurd length, in such sonorous phrases, at such an unjuleped moment.

The scene in which the Senator releases his rhetoric to convince the prostitute that it is her duty to spare a worthless white man and send an innocent Negro to his death could—and should—have been a magnificent one. As M. Sartre writes it, however, it is burlesque; a parody of a parody; something possessed of neither subtlety nor insight, and grievously lacking in conviction.

As I have hinted, Miss Mundy is admirable as the prostitute. Although looking at her is no difficult assignment, she has more than grace and fascination in her favor. Her husky voice appears to be limited in its range, but her playing is uncommon in its power. It is charged with a fine intensity. Indeed, along with Mr. Marriott's touching performance of the Negro, it is one of the few honest features in a meretricious, hence dishonest, play.

In "The Respectful Prostitute" it is the situation which supplies the true tragedy and M. Sartre who supplies all the claptrap. Though the evening's agonies are exciting to the point of being unbearable, the playlet is essentially a "phony," made to seem the phonier because the conditions with which it deals are sadly and shamingly real.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
HELEN HAYES
In the Comedy Hit
"Happy Birthday"
PLYMOUTH, West 45th Street, Mats. Wed & Sat.
ETHEL MERMAN
In the Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with RAY MIDDLETON
IMPERIAL, West 45th Street, Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"NANCY WALKER IS HILARIOUS IN A TOP-DRAWER BROADWAY SHOW." —ATKINSON, TIMES
NANCY WALKER
in
LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'!
ADELPHI Theatre, 54th St. E. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY
OF LONDON
in GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS
NOW thru March 13th . . . "TRIAL BY JURY" and "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"
Week of March 15th . . . . . "PATIENCE"
CENTURY Theatre, 7th Avenue at 59th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30.

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

THE THEATRE GUILD Presents
A New Musical Play
ALLEGRO
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Entire production staged by AGNES DeMILLE
MAJESTIC Theatre, 44th st. W. of B'way
Evgs at 8:30. $6, $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30. $3.60, $3.00, $2.40.

Leland Hayward presents
HENRY FONDA
in
"Mister Roberts"
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
(Based on the novel by Thomas Heggen)
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH · WILLIAM HARRIGAN
Directed by Joshua Logan
Settings by Jo Mielziner
ALVIN Thea., W. 52nd St., Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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ROBERT YOUNG
MAUREEN O'HARA
CLIFTON WEBB
in
SITTING PRETTY
A 20th Century Fox Film
●
ON STAGE
ART MOONEY
and His Band
BETTY BRUCE
AL BERNIE
ROXY
7th Avenue and 50th Street

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
presents
CARY GRANT
LORETTA YOUNG
DAVID NIVEN
The Bishop's Wife
"A VERY FUNNY PICTURE"
—Sun
ASTOR B'way at 45th St.
Doors Open 9:45 A. M.
Last Show Midnight

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neurosis does) and religion, and each with the other. The words do exist in our language; do the things exist in our reality? We are so accustomed these days to seeing only the neurotic problem in a character, as brought out by his interaction with the environment, that we forget that there are other problems, "normal" problems separate and distinct from the neurotic, which perhaps require just this same religious forgiveness. Of course, the reader of such a book would expect no pat and formalized answer, as is found in "Dora." The raising of the question would be satisfaction enough.

Better Men Died

THE GESTURE. By John Cobb. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 245 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by OLIVER HARRISON

YOUNG John Cooper, who writes under the pen name of John Cobb, left Princeton a year after Pearl Harbor to join the Army Air Force. He has given a retrospective glaze to his first novel, a story of the disintegration of the morale of a tense American bomber unit in England, by the simple device of placing his first chapter in the present day and then looking backward into the past. A chilly meeting of his major protagonist in New York with a wartime best friend sets his mind at work on memories he had tried to suppress. The result of these first five pages was disappointing, at least to one reader who found his antipathy for the hero completely justified in the following 240 pages. Doubtless, this was the effect that the author intended to give; perhaps his device is justified in the end by taking from the reader the sense of immediate danger, as if he were looking at violence and involved hatreds through a pane of glass, or watched it comfortably seated before a motion-picture screen.

The novel is actually about the conflict between the personalities of three men: Harris, an air-force major in command of the bomber squadron; Willie Turk, a pilot, and the author's alter ego; Lieutenant Whipple, grounded first for wounds, and then permanently, because of his complete lack of interest in going out from England in the early morning to get himself killed before noon. Whipple became a kind of legman for the outfit, working at odd jobs around the field, sticking his nose into everybody's business, always keeping out of harm's way. Other men got into rows and wound up with a black eye; Whipple saw what was coming and stayed on the sidelines.

There was good reason why these Americans from major to bombardier were suffering from screaming nerves. They had no fighter escort in their invasions of France and Germany, so

—*Winifred Gail.*

My Current Reading

A leading figure in the theatrical world, **Theresa Helburn** (Mrs. John B. Opdyck) has sent us the following list of her reading. Administrative Director of the Theatre Guild, stage director, producer, and poet, Miss Helburn, with the Theatre Guild, has been responsible for such dramatic hits as "Porgy and Bess," "The Iceman Cometh," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Carrousel," and the currently-running "Allegro" and "Oklahoma." A George Bernard Shaw revival, "You Never Can Tell," is now playing in Boston and will reach New York this month.

A STUDY OF HISTORY, *by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford)*
STEP DOWN, ELDER BROTHER, *by Josephina Niggli (Rinehart)*
WORLD COMMUNISM TODAY, *by Martin Ebon (Whittlesey House)*
MODERN WOMAN: THE LOST SEX, *by Ferdinand Lundberg and Marynia Farnham (Harper)*
CAME A CAVALIER, *by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Messner)*
PART AND PARCEL: AN ANTHOLOGY: ESSAY, JINGLE, SKETCH AND STORY, *by John B. Opdycke (Methuen)*
OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS, *by Truman Capote (Random)*
HUMAN DESTINY, *by Lecomte du Noüy (Longmans)*
THE FAIR FIELD, *by John Moore (Simon & Schuster)*
DRAMATIC OPINIONS AND MUSICAL CRITICISMS OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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that day after day planes were missing and men killed. Major Harris, an earnest, hard-working idealist, was the fuse that brought about the explosion. He was a disciplinarian, and the men under him had gone beyond the need for that; he was serious and full of patriotism and nobility where nobody else wanted to think, only to get drunk and find a girl. His chief antagonist, young Turk, hated him bitterly. To the rest he was as irritating as a sore boil. The final explosion came when he billeted a Negro officer with white men because he felt that racial discrimination could not be endured in an American army. He was dismissed and killed in a flight the next day.

On all of these happenings, the reasons for them, and on his own neutral part in them, Whipple muses, safely in New York. At the end he thinks, "Harris was noticeable and, standing out, was easily destroyed. Whereas I . . . I am an admirable chameleon, and they do not know me when they see me, so I am passed over and live on. But am I saved?" The reader, disliking what he knows of Whipple's soul, can only answer, Yes! you were saved, though better men died.

Skirmishes and Treks

JOHNNY CHRISTMAS. By Forrester Blake. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 278 pp. $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THIS is a miraculously good Western, and by a good Western I mean a book that has the feel of the body of America in it: hills, rivers, winds, trails, the history rising out of old conflicts with Indians and Frenchmen and Mexicans, and the men who seemed to rise out of the hills and the history with a consciousness of dedication to both. A Western can be written for the sake of the excitement that is legitimately there, the bullets flying and the mad ride in the nick of time—or it can be written more seriously, to get the character of the land the men set down. Then it becomes a kind of oral history recorded, and comes close to what people meant when they used to call for the American novel, about twenty years ago. Blake's book is that kind—serious, dedicated, actually loving. He worked upon it as a member of Alan Swallow's Regional Writers' Workshop in Denver; it reflects also his own crossing and recrossing of the Southwestern trails in search of a first-hand knowledge of the terrain.

The actual story of Johnny Christmas covers the ten years between

Shaw

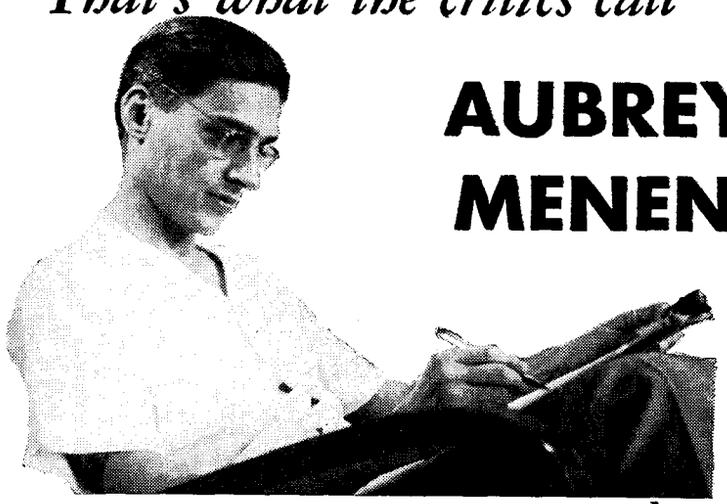
Huxley

Waugh

Douglas

all rolled into one!

That's what the critics call



AUBREY MENEN

author of

THE PREVALENCE OF WITCHES

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"SHAW AT HIS BEST could not have done better!" —Yandray W. Vance, *Hartford Courant*

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DON'T MISS this wickedly witty story about the make-believe land of Limbo (somewhere in India), in which a young Anglo-Indian impales Western civilization on the sharp point of his pen.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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1836 and 1846, and stretches from Texas northward and westward to Oregon and California. In 1836 Sam Houston was establishing the independent Republic of Texas. In 1846 the American Army was putting down the last guerilla bands of Mexican and Indian allies, and preparing the way for Texas's entry into the Union. Johnny Christmas and the men he rode with fought the battles in between, against the Comanches in the desert and the Cheyennes in the hills, against the Mexicans who fought a rear-guard battle everywhere, with any ally and any weapon, and against the American Army, too, when the dragoons seemed to make inroads upon their independence. If they rode side-by-side with the Army at the end, against the Mexicans, it was an uneasy partnership. Christmas's story reveals the frontier American again as we have read of him before, gaunt and proud and resourceful as the Indian he displaced.

His story is adventurous every page of the way, yet the thing I will remember of it most is the sense of the land that pervades him at all times, and spills out of his speech. There are references to the deserts and rocks, the hills and the rivers named, the Grand, the Green, the Snake—which are poetic by evocation, as they are meant to be. There is also the fruit of Blake's learning: on the tribes and their customs, on the intricacies of alliance and intrigue that crisscrossed those days as they do these, and on the many skirmishes and retreats and treks across states unborn that went between the great dates in history. This is utterly engrossing material, and the fact that Blake has a number of novels planned seems to me very good news.

The Hour That Dies

By Josephine Young Case

THE MORNING-GLORY in the sun
Declares the day already done
And folding into mauve its blue
Prepares to die at half-past two.

Above my head where yellow leaves
Descending point the season, grieves
The locust in the locust tree
Defending life incessantly.

Upon my hand the opal stone
Reflects a season of its own,
Frail azure, amethyst and fire
Reject the warmth that must expire.

Somewhere among these three I stand,
Flower, and stone within my hand,
Locust overhead who cries
"The hour, it is the hour that dies."

From Sheep Station to Mayfair

LUCINDA BRAYFORD. By Martin Boyd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1948. 439 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SOSKIN

THE FAMILY hearthstone seems a mighty cozy place these days not only to sentimental escapists. Honest realists, too, who look upon the ruins of so many large, liberal movements, modern causes and schools of political and moral thought, have fled to the shelter of their familiar homesteads and devoted themselves to the cultivation of their own gardens. It is not surprising, therefore, that fat family novels which burgeon with generations of clannish love, births, deaths, fortunes made and lost, codes of honor recognized and violated, are finding ready response from a large audience.

Martin Boyd's leisurely account of a family whose pertinent history starts on an Australian sheep station in the 1880's and scales the heights of English upper-class life to the early 1940's, is just such a record. Its sprawling story, peopled with scores of relatives, retainers, suitors, dissolute as well as virtuous sons and daughters, is unabashedly dedicated to the details of family life throughout four generations. Reading it is like attending a family reunion. You feel its warmth, you are absorbed in endless trivia of gossip, cooking, gardening, and domestic relations. These small matters take on dramatic importance suddenly more significant than large intellectual issues. Yet, one is aware of the fact that this whole mirage of domesticity is basically sentimental, and that a little family goes a long way.

It is not difficult to become inextricably involved in the career of gentle Lucinda Brayford; in her childhood in Melbourne surrounded by adoring playmates, adolescent lovers, and parents and relatives who are emerging from a grubby world of trade into comparative distinction in Australia's rather dim social set; in her initiation in the better-groomed English aristocracy into which she married and where she found her husband's as well as her own life involved in adulteries, feuds, loyalties, and intrigues characteristic of British stories of love among the Galsworthian codes. Indeed, so insidious is Martin Boyd's mellow way with the family *mores*, so affectionate his regard for dining halls, dance receptions, gardens, furniture and decoration, trips abroad, high teas, midnight snacks, gowns and haberdashery, horses and dogs, wenches and lads, that the innocent reader hardly realizes he has meanwhile absorbed a number of highly immoral relationships, illegitimate births, and other such daring matters.

The author believes in gentlemen. He holds that ladies, even in *flagrante delicto*, are a form of culture. His heroine's taste and wit save her from the disintegration which most English society experiences in the course of the story. She develops wisdom and character through the suffering she undergoes, but it is a quiet ordeal she comes to know, one which she accepts as a gentlewoman who knows the obligations and responsibilities of her position. Martin Boyd is all for that. His conservative philosophy and his anger, directed against businessmen in government and middle-class charlatans who have led the world into a totalitarian labyrinth of evil, are apparent everywhere in his story. It is not surprising that Lucinda's young son, believing that the Second World War will not liberate Europe and that the middle-class leaders will only destroy the last vestiges of European civilization, prefers military prison to service at the front, and dies a victim of army persecution.

One of the most intriguing of Mr. Boyd's characters is Paul Brayford, a deplorable hedonist of a homosexual tinge, but one who stoutly defends the esthetics and the morality of a patrician society. "You may buy a copy of the *New Statesman*," Paul says, "and a pair of suede shoes, and a Picasso print, and a Freudian text book, and imagine that you are the *dernier cri* of culture, when you are only its last gasp."

Mr. Boyd has few intellectual pretensions. His prose style is rather pedestrian. His characters do not strive for effect. His romances are palatable, but never truly passionate. His satirical darts are often blunted. And yet his novel has a sturdy texture, a lifelike opacity that seems to contain all these ingredients in natural proportions.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 728)

ARNOLD TOYNBEE:
*(A) STUDY OF HISTORY**

One of the perennial infirmities of human beings is to ascribe their own failure to forces that are entirely beyond their control. This mental manoeuvre is particularly attractive to sensitive minds in periods of decline and fall.

*Abridgment of Vol. I-VI. by D. C. Somervell.

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THE END OF A FAITH

(*Continued from page 10*)

so introduced his tale no further use is made of this discovery. The men of the new age which is to dawn after the war which liquidates the past, have not a spark of the new psychological knowledge: economics is still their means and end. Of course, this is what one of the keenest philosophical minds of our time has called the main anthropological mystery of our age: Why, considering that we have entered the psychological epoch is there this conspiracy of silence, this *suppressio viri* and *suggestio falsi* towards physical research, a campaign in which not only the uneducated and the dogmatic join but those who claim to be interested purely in facts, those who call themselves scientific?

SO HERE again Wells became typical not of the growing edge of life but of the age in which he made his great success the end of the last century. He had failed to keep up to date and so he despaired. "The Anatomy of Frustration," written a decade ago, showed this penumbra appearing at the edge of his mind—Man may fail. "The Fate of Homo Sapiens" put "might" instead of "may." In "Mind at the End of Its Tether" "will" has been written in the place "might"! And, as he would confine himself to that abstraction, Economic Man, he was probably right. But man is two-sided. He is double-natured. With one aspect of his mind he masters the outer world, with the other he understands himself, his position in that world, and the fact of the invisible. Because for the last 300 years he has neglected intuition he has landed himself in his present pass. The emergence of physical research as a statistically verifiable fact is therefore socially as well as scientifically the most important event of our lives.

So we see that Wells's life does close an epoch. We have seen that he turned to theology when World War I showed that purely economic interests could not save civilization. But he soon discovered that the theology of emergent deity is not enough. Next he hears of the experimental work in prevision, he who had always been interested in the problem of time. And physics at that moment came to reinforce metaphysics, adding its witness to the fact that we had misapprehended time. Month by month research suggested that the next great step for mankind would be to see through time and so into a new world, man's greatest break-through. But Wells shrank back and so had to write "Vanitas Vanitatum" as his postscript to an almost unparalleled achievement in inspiring men to believe that they can go forward. He once said when considering Dunne's evidence that perhaps at death suddenly the world stage he'd been watching would be seen to be only a stage. The lights would go up and he would turn round to find that he'd been seated in the dark watching a play in the vast auditorium of what is the real and lasting world. Of all his prophecies surely this is the truest and he had now fulfilled it.

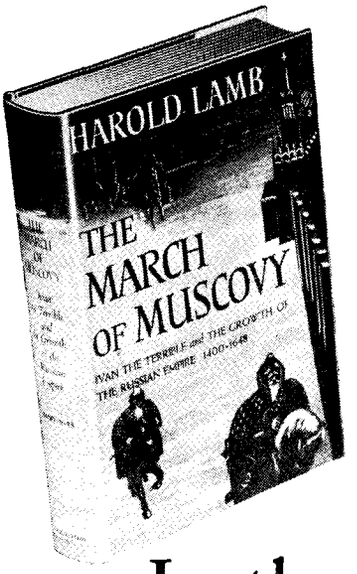
Henry FitzGerald Heard, who last year won the Ellery Queen Prize Contest, writes mysteries under the name of H. F. Heard, signs his more serious work on philosophy and mysticism Gerald Heard. Vanguard has just published his "The Lost Cavern and Other Stories of the Fantastic."

Storm in Monument Valley

By James E. Asper

IN THE red sea of unvegetated sand,
Isolated sandstone ships stand static,
Unaware of the sudden storm
Diffusing the burning blood of the desert
With the cold, cream-colored washes
Gutted through the earth like vermicular veins.

Now the heavy clouds disperse: the swirling water
Disappears in the unquenchable earth;
Massive monoliths like flat tops and destroyers
Vermilion focused against patterns of soft stratus,
Surround us like a huge armada
In the cool after-silence of a desert storm.



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and not a very notable town at that.

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"Ibstone, Where I Live"—REBECCA WEST, in the first article since her best-selling *The Meaning of Treason*, reveals the problem of being English today.

"Malu's Wife," a short story by this year's Harper Prize Award Winner JOSEPH GEORGE HITREC; "Crowd Pleaser," by BUDD SCHULBERG, a tense ringside story by the author of *The Harder They Fall.*

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KINSEY

(*Continued from page* 19)

riety of male sexual behavior. It might more accurately be labeled "Sexual Behavior of 5,000 American (United States) White Males," since the study is restricted to this group. The study draws from a variety of occupational groups, from many educational, social, and economic segments of society, and also includes comparative studies of people who come from rural and urban settings in the United States.

The sampling of American males is as yet inadequate and the data given are weighted in favor of the urban, and the under-thirty-years-of-age population. The charts are also weighted by the histories of certain professional groups out of proportion to their percentile representation in the population at large. These factors, one hopes, will be corrected by the larger statistical collection envisaged by the authors.

The reader, too, must constantly keep in mind that this report is best understood as a census of the capacity and variety of sexual expression of 5,000 American males who were willing to talk about their sexual behavior. The data must in no wise be interpreted in terms of whether such behavior is normal or abnormal, or whether the individuals interviewed were well-adjusted or maladjusted. Correlating information on individual physical health or illness, or on personal psychologic health or illness is not available in this study.

The recorded occurrence of a variety of overt sexual behavior is based on voluntary interviews. What an individual tells about his sexual experience in one interview depends on the skill of the interviewer and the attitude and capacity to recall of the person being interviewed. Information collected by interview techniques is subject to defects caused by conscious or unconscious factors that may distort memory. Some persons can remember or recall their sexual experiences and attitudes clearly. Some belittle and some exaggerate their sexual experiences; and in some individuals emotional or neurotic drives color the sexual performance and memory. To be more reliable, the two-hour-interview data need to be corrected by individual intensive study of groups of persons included in Kinsey's figures.

The reader must also remember that the presence of certain statistical findings is not always proof that their existence can be considered "normal." Health surveys of some rural or urban areas have shown a high incidence of nutritional deficiency. Such a finding, however, by no stretch of the imagination should be considered a "normal" condition for that population.

Aside from these basic critical remarks, it is clear that much of importance has come from the study. There is verification of the existence of infantile sexuality. The Kinsey data show that sexual activity in the male is present from birth to death. Research by others indicates that the neuro-muscular patterns for sex behavior are present in the infant at birth. However, the conditioning or facilitation of male or female sexual patterns depends also on psychologic and cultural factors. Endocrines are not the sole determining force in human sex behavior. What Freud called the "latent period" of sexuality—*i.e.:* the period between phallic curiosity and the sexual activity of puberty—is not solely a biochemical phenomenon. Much of this so-called "latent period" is the result of a damper on sex activity imposed by our culture. Freud and Havelock Ellis had the intuitive wisdom to sense this. Kinsey has given us statistical confirmation of this bio-cultural phenomenon.

The authors show that a large portion of the male white population has polymorphous sexual impulses. There is variation of the sexual pattern in different intellectual and cultural levels. Evidence is presented to show that early sexual activity does not lessen later potency. This is an interesting and important biologic observation. The incidence of masturbation and petting is higher in the individuals of higher cultural levels, and this group also has a lower rate of

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 247

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 247 will be found in the next issue.

ZC YMXSZ KLAZN, YCOLHLV

NVLSD, CV ECOLVTMQ, OSF

LHLV FC TVLL SF S TAFY.

U. VMFRAZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 246

The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything.
EDWARD PHELPS

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premarital intercourse. Petting to climax is reported to be relatively common among the better educated.

The data shows that the sexual patterns of the young male adults of today have not changed significantly from that of their father's time, indicating that perhaps our present-day cultural and social attitudes have not modified basic sexual biologic behavior. Many sons may be surprised to learn that father and grandfather were not so old-fashioned after all!

Sexual mores at different educational levels tend to remain relatively uniform for that group. The authors show that eighty-five per cent of all males have premarital intercourse, and approximately thirty per cent of married men have extramarital intercourse. Within marriage, a variety of sexual outlets is used, especially in the upper educational levels.

Another interesting finding is that approximately thirty per cent of all males have had some homosexual experience. These are only some of the many items that will impress the average reader. There are many more that have not been picked out by this reviewer.

In the absence of definite medical and psychologic studies of the individual person, conclusions concerning these findings should be limited merely to a statement of the statistical recording of the performance of individuals. The quantitative data given measure one aspect of man's behavior, charted out of context of his total behavior, and divorced from consideration of the individual's thoughts, emotions, health, or illness. Present-day medicine recognizes that health and behavior can be altered by biological, psychological, and social forces. Indeed, current interest in psychosomatic or comprehensive medicine emphasizes this point. Sex behavior is often a delicate barometer of human adjustment. But the role of such universal mental mecha-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Meg (Mrs. John Brooke), in "Little Women," by Louisa May Alcott. 2. Catherine Linton Heathcliff, in "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë. 3. Mrs. Jellyby, in "Bleak House," by Charles Dickens. 4. Dora Copperfield, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 5. Emma Bovary, in "Madama Bovary," by Gustave Flaubert. 6. Mrs. Bloom in "Ulysses," by James Joyce. 7. Mildred Rogers, in "Of Human Bondage," by Somerset Maugham. 8. Ma Joad, in "The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck. 9. Marie St. Clare, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. 10. Becky Sharp (Mrs. Rawdon Crawley), in "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray.

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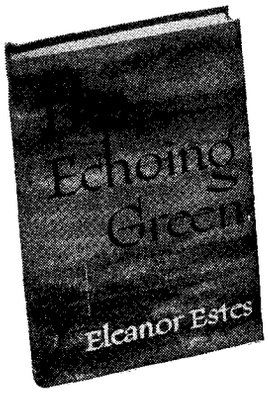

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nisms like repression, sublimation, over-compensation, rationalization—to mention a few—are not considered in this volume. Yet we know that each of these psychologic mental mechanisms can and does affect sex behavior.

Individuals may vary in: (1) inherent biologic endowment, (2) psychologic conditioning and attitudes, (3) emotional personality constellation, and (4) the restrictions imposed by the society and the culture the individual lives in. These studies nowhere prove that the sexual behavior of the American male is dependent solely on any one of these factors, although there is a tendency on the part of the authors to assume that biologic constitutional factors are perhaps more important. Without denying the importance of the constitutional factor, one must point out that the evidence for the part played by the psychologic, cultural, and personality factors is not sufficient for the drawing of conclusions. Herein perhaps lies the point of this review—that it would be of extreme value that such correlated studies be made to understand better sexual behavior in the human male.

Personal knowledge of the investigators can only lead this reviewer to admire the courage, the patience, the humanism, and the sympathy of the investigators who have devoted the past ten years to this important undertaking.

4. *Anthropologist*

By Ruth Benedict

DR. STONE has compared the Kinsey Report with Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" because they are both pioneer studies in an area of life not previously so frankly explored. From my point of view as a cultural anthropologist it is their differences which are more striking than their similarities. Havelock Ellis based his study on emotionally-toned life stories; he was interested for instance in the sense of virtue or of shame which accompanied different kinds of sexual experiences: that is, he was interested in problems of personal adjustment and maladjustment. He was interested also in the way people got that way, in the psychological, emotional, and cultural factors which led to particular developments. Within the conceptual schemes of his generation, he analyzed and discussed the conditions of sexual behavior.

Dr. Kinsey's research is something quite different. We shall make a wrong use of his material unless we realize that it does not attempt to study the context within which these sex acts occur. It does not study the context of sex acts in the individual: what ineradicable feelings about sex he learned as a baby, his terrors of not being sufficiently masculine as a young boy, his experience of guilt or pride as a young man, whether as an adult he is physically well-adjusted or whether he is seriously frustrated and despairing. Nor does it study the social and cultural context of sex acts: what acts can be freely acknowledged within the group to which the individual belongs, what different behavior is expected in a big American city, in its Little Italies or Little Polands, its Czech or Irish neighborhoods, or in a rural area in Upstate New York or in Idaho.

What the Kinsey Report has done is to count, add, and average the sexual experiences, the "outlets," which men remember and report in interviews. It is quantitative, not qualitative. Such quantitative study is firmly within the American scientific tradition and we accept it more readily than we do studies which put sexual behavior into some kind of context.

Dr. Kinsey has stated the plan of his study clearly and carefully: he is counting and averaging the number of sex acts. He disclaims study of their context. But American readers are very forthright. They may forget that Dr. Kinsey's findings are not yet the kind of qualitative data on which to base new programs of sex instruction in our schools, new legislation about

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEAD MAN BLUES *William Irish* (Lippincott: $2.50)	First appearance in book form of seven long-shorts about murders, killers, gangsters—and one straight detective tale. American scene.	Readers hunting for suspense in socko short-snorts need search no further, and rereading them doesn't reduce thrill-value.	Good collection

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sex offenses, new counseling of young people in marriage. Dr. Kinsey's data can no more guide us in such planning than a nutritional study in Puerto Rico or South China can guide us in setting standards of adequate diet for adequate human living.

The Kinsey Report also gives no contextual data which would support either those who believe that extreme sex activity—whether low frequency or high, or in aberrant choices of outlet—is innate in an individual and should be regarded as genetic, or those who emphasize that different behaviors can be learned by repeated experiences which are characteristic of the social group to which a man belongs. The United States would be an excellent country in which to make such a study, but the study has not yet been done.

There are other volumes coming as a result of Dr. Kinsey's research, and the American public will show greater respect for his present book if we do not rush to the conclusion that he has given us in this one a basis for moral, legal, and social programs.

Honor of the Sea

By Daniel Henderson

CASTING an explorer's light
On the North Pacific lands,
Vitus Bering, modest Dane,
In Czar Peter's furious reign,
Sailed to serve the Muscovite.

Where Mount Saint Elias stands,
He was buried in the sands,
Dirging waves and sea-birds' grief
Sung his lonely burial-reef.

Past the misty coves and crags,
Came the venturesome British flags.
Plain James Cook, the navigator,
Searched the sea, the contemplator
Of dominions yet unclaimed,
Of dominions to be named,
And he asked the Indian village
Set on the wild ocean's rim,
If, for scouting, trading, pillage,
White men had preceded him.
Then they told him of the Dane
Buried in the fog's domain;
They remembered the brave dead-
"Bering" was his name, they said.

Captain Cook, with British pride,
Might have christened coast or tide
For a monarch or a lord,
But he wanted Truth's reward,
And he set down honorably—
"Bering Strait" and "Bering Sea."

Listen nations, who contend
Where your boundaries should end:
Here, instead of hook or crook,
Is the code of Captain Cook.

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SIGNS OF SPRING

THE FIRST spring books began to arrive when Manhattan was still enjoying skating, sledding, and skiing in the parks, and wearily prodding at piles of frozen slush and dirt in the side streets. Their bright jackets brought a promise that nature still withheld. Good stories for the older boys and girls seem to predominate. There are a few picture books, and two or three interesting biographies. But it is in John Tunis's fine analysis of a sportsman, in Clayton Knight's record of a war adventure in the Pacific, in a novel for the older girls like "Watch for a Tall White Sail" that the vitality of the spring list lies—so far. This may be an unconscious tribute to the high-school students who are here from the British Dominions and the Scandinavian countries for the *Herald Tribune* Forum. It would be an excellent thing if they could have copies of some of the new books as souvenirs of their American visit. The dollar shortage makes it difficult for them to buy exported books at home. Would some kind-hearted philanthropist present each of them with one or two of the books that have brought a sense of renewal, an upward surge of vitality to the winter-weary American hosts? MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE SECRET OF THE BURIED TOMB. Written and illustrated by Clayton Knight. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 311 *pp.* $3.

This is a tale of the Second World War, in the Pacific, told by the author of "The Quest of the Golden Condor." It is the story of a Japanese plot against the American military forces on Okinawa, and the Gregory boys and their father, whose South American adventures are recorded in the first book, are its "heroes." Mr. Gregory is in charge on a Red Cross center on the island. Pepe is a flyer stationed in the Aleutians, who manages to get to Okinawa for the most exciting part of the tale. Ronnie is in the Navy and contrives, as usual, to be in the thick of everything. Beside the Gregorys there are a number of other interesting people: the young American Seabee who drives a bulldozer affectionately called *Susie;* the hard-boiled, skilful flyer who helps Ronnie out of several very tight places; the native boy Kiko, with his loyalties and his suspicions; Mrs. Lim, the old Chinese woman who plays an heroic part in a very dangerous game. The background of Okinawa, where desperate fighting is still going on, is very convincing and the natives are well drawn. It is a handsome book with many illustrations and an unusual jacket drawing of a banyan tree printed in green and gold.

WATCH FOR A TALL WHITE SAIL. By Margaret E. Bell. Frontispiece by Louis Darling. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 222 *pp.* $2.50.

It is difficult to analyze the quality that makes this one of the best "young novels" to be presented for many a day. Margaret Bell's earlier adventure stories, "Icy Straits" and "Danger on Old Baldy," were especially notable for their convincing Alaskan background. This has much more than that. Perhaps its highest value lies in the honesty and insight through which it pictures the heroine—Florence Munroe. Here is a girl, sensitive and beauty-loving, brought up in a tradition of ease and good living, who finds herself solely responsible for the comfort of her brothers in a remote part of Alaska where her father has started a factory for canning salmon. Florence has watched Beldon Craig bring his sloop from Seattle to the harbor at Wrangell, sharing in the general admiration of his coolness and courage. When their love story begins to develop up there in the danger and discomfort of Nichols Bay, away from her mother, from her background, from every aspect of gracious living, she is faced with an adjustment that is most difficult. That inner security that comes from good blood and breeding brings her through when she and Jaimy face weeks of near-starvation on the Point that is isolated by a long storm. Her story ends happily. It is a moving and, in many ways, an unusual story told against a background of the far North where the forces of nature test the force that man can bring to bear against them.

—From "The Secret of the Buried Tomb."

The make-up of the book is very attractive. The frontispiece in color gives the feel of the North. The type is clear and readable. It is as if the designer said: "Here is a good story. It needs no special ornament. Take it and read it."

HIGHPOCKETS. By John R. Tunis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a baseball story that brings back Roy Tucker, the "Kid from Tompkinsville," and records one of the most dramatic seasons in the saga of the Brooklyn Dodgers. It will undoubtedly reach the outstretched hands of thousands of American boys —and girls. But, beyond this obvious appeal, the book is a character study that sets it apart from Mr. Tunis's earlier books. We find here a more mellowed and sensitive writer. Cecil McDade, the hero, is a farm boy from North Carolina who is projected into the spotlight of the baseball world too soon for his own good. He is a curious mixture of personal ambition, almost total ignorance of the ways of the world, and an insensitiveness that makes him extremely unpopular with the Dodger fans. He is so well drawn that the reader becomes exasperated with him, and curiously sorry for him. The change in Cecil, or Highpockets as he is known to his jeering public, comes through his concern for a little Brooklyn boy whom he injures through careless driving. Slowly the surface hardness, the selfishness of this awkward lad yield to the natural kindliness and decency that are innate in him. But it is a slow process. We have every sympathy with Roy Tucker when he gives "the big bum" a piece of his mind in no uncertain terms! This is an exciting tale and one that will be long remembered for its analysis of a sportsman who learns through adversity to adjust himself to his team and to his world.

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ABOUT PETER PLATYPUS. Written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. No paging. $1.

This is a very amusing picture book in black-and-white which tells about a very young platypus who wanted to find out just how he differed from all the other animals. The drawing when he is introduced to the ducks, who are like and yet *unlike* him, is one that is sure to bring chuckles from the children. Young Peter's song with music, is duly recorded on the end-papers.

CHIN LING, THE CHINESE CRICKET. By Alison Stilwell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. No paging. $2.25.

This lovely picture book came in too late to be included in the Book Week review of the books of 1947. It is the story of a little Chinese boy who bought, fed, and trained a rather feeble little cricket until it grew strong and brave enough to win the match at the annual cricket fair. The many brush drawings are beautifully reproduced in gray and in delicate water-color. Pictures and story give a vivid and authentic impression of a Chinese mother and son, of the home and the market-place. This reviewer would like to have it sent to boys and girls all over the world.

THE BIG WAVE. By Pearl S. Buck. Illustrated with prints by Hiroshige and Hokusai. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 61 *pp.* $2.

A story of Japan and the great wave that swept away the little fishing village under the mountain. The illustrations are photographic reproductions from Japanese artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

POLISH FOLK TALES. Translated by Lucia Merecka Borski. Illustrated by Erica Gorecka-Egan. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1947. 125 *pp.* $2.

These are the old Polish legends of the Church as they have grown up through centuries of the spoken word. In translating them Mrs. Borski preserves their curious simplicity and their humor. They were not told for children, but there is a great deal in them that boys and girls will enjoy. Hundreds of storytellers here in America know how much they enjoyed the two earlier translations, "The Jolly Tailor" and "The Gypsy and the Bear." Erica Gorecka-Egan's fine drawings are reproduced in black and a bright brown. It is a handsome book and one that forms an im-

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Great fun for the picture book age. About a brave dog who wasn't afraid of the dentist. 32 pp. Ages 4–8. $1.50

JUDITH OF FRANCE by Margaret Leighton. Illus. by Henry C. Pitz.
Superbly written historical romance for older girls by the author of "Twelve Bright Trumpets." 280 pp. Ages 12–16. $2.50

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JOHNNY GROUNDHOG'S SHADOW by Emmy Payne. Illus. by Theo Pascal.
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portant record for anyone who is interested in folklore.

JENNY'S FIRST PARTY. Written and illustrated by Esther Averill. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

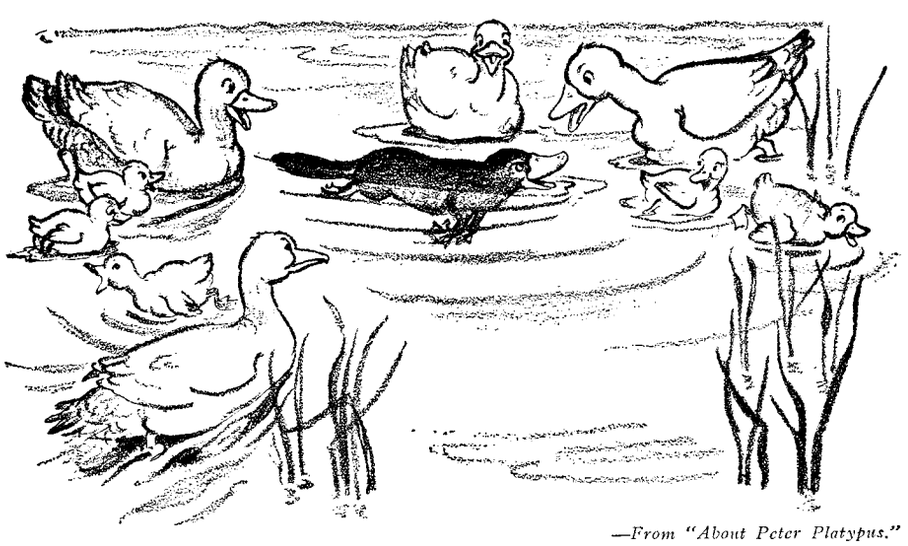
This is the third story in the chronicle of that charming little lady cat of Greenwich Village, Miss Jenny Linski. No one can say which is the better story of the three—they are all good; but in the drawings and their reproduction this record excels the others. The pictures here have more atmosphere and more perspective. If Jenny is only a tiny figure in the background, she is still Jenny. This reviewer's favorite is the one where she sits demurely on the tub against the wall while her male escorts—the fire-house cat, Pickles, and the aristocratic Florio—dance with the alluring but spiteful Miss Alice Featherlegs. It is a source of great satisfaction to Jenny's many admirers that she "cuts out" Miss Featherlegs and, through the Hornpipe that Captain Tinker taught her, becomes the belle of the ball. The grace and charm of these little books are not only for children. In wording, illustration, and design they offer to people of all ages a short interval of pure delight.

DARK HOUSE ON THE MOSS. By Constance Savery. Decorations by Clifford N. Geary. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

Constance Savery writes so well that it is a pleasure to read her books, quite apart from their story. Much of the charm of this one lies in the writing and the atmosphere. It is laid in the north of England in the early years of the nineteenth century. Periwinkle and Louis Courtenay are orphans and have been sent to live with a distant cousin whom they have never seen. They find him living in a large, sombre house in a tiny village where he is treated with suspicion and distrust by the village people. Nearby live the thoroughly delightful Lanthorn family, who also have "a bone to pick" with Cousin Morville. There is a mystery about all this, and Louis and Periwinkle make up their young minds to solve it. They find that the oldest Lanthorn boy, who is called Will o' the Wisp because he travels the intricate paths of the great marsh at night with a blue lantern, has the key. There is a battle of wits between them until the great flood comes, and Cousin Morville proves that he had been in the right all along.

EAGLE OF GUATEMALA: Justo Rufino Barrios. By Alice Raine. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

This is the life story, told for young people, of Justo Barrios, the son of a prosperous farmer, who in the twelve years when he served as President of Guatemala instituted many of the reforms which helped to make his country the progressive democracy that it is today. It is a well-written story, vivid in atmosphere and background, swift in action, touched with color and romance. The childhood scenes are especially convincing. One will not soon forget the one where the native Indian "shamus" reveals to Justo his "nahual"—the eagle. Young people will be attracted by this book because it tells a vigorous and exciting story. To many of them the Guatemalan reformer and soldier is unknown. His attempt to unite Central America — the cause for which he gave his life—will appeal to North American boys and girls at this particular time. Later, when they have the perspective for judging his place in history, they will remember the background this book gives of his country and his people.



—From "About Peter Platypus."

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COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BRAHMS, PIANO CONCERTO #1, Op. 15. Clifford Curzon; Nat. Symph. Orch., E. Jorda. Decca London EDA 47 (6)	Fine dynamic range. Gen. musical tubbiness relieved by good highs (on good machine.) Ffrr liveness, distance are most helpful in this music	A— to A	(See below). Curzon a natural Brahms player, less stern, less inspired than Schnabel but with requisite soberness. His orch. is OK, some poor string work. Schnabel's version is curiously small-sounding (acoustics?) though his piano is good. Serkin is overfrenetic, not a Brahms man in this music.
Comparisons: *a*) Artur Schnabel; London Philharm., Szell. Victor M 677 (6)	Strange—too *dead*, by far; rare in foreign recording. Oldish; dynamics not good.	(B+)	
b) Serkin; Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner. Columbia M 652 (7)	Percussive piano, as usual in U. S. Orch., brilliant but pinched.	(A—)	
BACH, ST. MATTHEW PASSION, Excerpts. Bach Choir, Jacques Orch., Jacques. Suddaby, Ferrier, Eric Greene, Wm. Parsons, Bruce Boyce. Decca London EDA 43 (7)	One of best hi-fi ffrrs to date, in spite of some overcutting in loud passages. Liveness is gorgeous, no less. Chorus bit far in background.	A to A—	Trad. British-style job, in English; not very "authentic" but utterly musical and so rates top listening. Br. solo voices a delight, with pure, unwobbly tone. Harpsichord.

BRAHMS'S MENTAL DISCIPLINE

THE FIRST Brahms piano concerto received non-plaudits when it was first played, and so, too, has the new Curzon recording (above).

Yet, one finds, there are unexpected values here, not so much for Curzon's sake as for Brahms's. It is clear to most of us who have passed through a Brahms period (and who hasn't) that his life was a battle between conscience and free expression in which, paradoxically because of his high ability, conscience took the form of academicism, striving the while to emulate the great traditions of the past.

Still, if Brahms could have realized it—but he did not—his most utterly musical creations, those on the highest plane of pure artistic expression, were too often the very works in which he felt able, for one reason or another, to relax the inexorable conscience and its demands for "formal" perfection. Not that I am subscribing to the favorite nineteenth-century theory of freedom from the "bonds" of form. I speak of Brahms uniquely. A master of every musical device of tradition, he was beset by his own mastery; where others lacked it and cared not, Brahms, perhaps most gifted of all but Wagner, was obsessed with the urge to write up—to an impossible standard of values such as nothing but a puritanical conscience could invent!

The harshness of this mental discipline is enormously clear in the first concerto. From the opening notes it shrieks that here, I, the composer, have set myself a stern task. That task is ever before us to the detriment of expression, which should never sound as a task! The academicism is everywhere apparent (on a high plane of course), in the economy of theme, in the overconscientious canonic imitation in the second movement, in the academic church cadences. Yet throughout the work is the great Brahms as well, a profound and unique musical mind, a better composer than he himself could ever admit, struggling with a chime of inadequacy.

It is the virtue of the Curzon recording that the Brahms conscience is softened, humanized. In the playing, and as well in the mere mechanics of recording, the ultra-live ffrr acoustics, the mellow, distant pickup! Too often this music, mistakenly I now see, is given another treatment. Bring forth its harshness, put on every bearable ounce of tension, bring out the instruments in relentless detail, make clear the last twist of inner counterpoint in this dark mass! But no—the answer is the opposite. Try it.

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THE CRITIQUIN

"Critiquin: a person who lives by exploiting books." ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

THE CRITIC'S eye is dim and hard,
The critic's skin is squamous.
But Kafka is the type ill-starred,
That makes a critic famous.

And therefore let's be nice to him
And sing his praises daily
Although our eye is hard and dim
Although our skin be scaly.

The critic's bursting with good will,
The critic's words are silky,
And Thomas Mann will fill his bill,
And so by God! will Rilke.

The critic has no heart to bless
Some ancient so-and-so,
And thus John Milton is a mess,
But T. S. Eliot? No!

It's fun to see him look so stern
And pitch it in so strong.
Oh, has he spoken out of turn?
Could he perhaps be wrong?

The new opinions make me droop,
And I am stricken dumb
When Shelley proves a nincompoop,
As Dryden is a bum.

With reference to the last named,
Unless I have forgot,
Dryden at one time was acclaimed
By Eliot, was he not?

I think, unless some Cosmic blast
Blows the whole works to Hell,
Shelley and Dryden at long last
Will stand up pretty well.

I do not really apprehend
Any such cataclysm.
But think—the shock might put an end
To fatuous criticism.

LEONARD BACON.

* * *

Constance Manss, of Larchmont, N. Y., has taken to Mrs. Moon's suggestion that there be a poetry book-of-the-month club. I quote her letter in part:

> Every serious poet has learned that the most reputable publishing houses find it impossible to publish more than four or five volumes of poetry a year. But would this be true if there *were* a poetry book-of-the-month club with an assured audience either for the choice of the month or substitute choices (as there are in every book club)? Think of the critical studies of poets, biographies of poets, and book-length essays on poetry (for example, "The Nature of Poetry" by Donald A. Stauffer) which could be included in the selections of such a book club! Think of the publicity for poets and critics concerned with poetry that could be given them in the monthly supplement in which the poetry book-of-the-month is described, with alternate choices which would entitle the subscriber to a book dividend (a collection of one of the older masters or an anthology)! Think of the radio verse-dramas which are being written and produced—and then forgotten! Think of the plays in dramatic poetry, if only adaptations such as Robinson Jeffers's "Medea." I think that Mrs. Moon is right about the large potential audience for a poetry book-of-the-month club: the thousands of struggling poets and the thousands (and I am certain that there are!) of readers who prefer to read poetry — lyric, narrative, or dramatic. You must have guessed it —I am a virtually unpublished poet who has written poetry since I was fifteen, and I am now thirty-two. I have had one poem published, one radio verse-drama broadcast, and have compiled one book of poetry which I sent unsuccessfully to two top publishing houses. And, because it is the only literary art form to which I can honestly dedicate myself, I intend to go on writing poetry, regardless of its present deplorable commercial value and its limited markets. Poets, it seems to me, take even the unknown and inexperienced poet seriously and respect him (or her). There is a feeling of intimacy between poets that is seldom duplicated between other kinds of writers.

* * *

WORDS OUT OF SEASON

If I were to become a Commissar of Poetry, I would remove from every school poetry book the words magic, beauty, wonder, glamor, purple, ecstasy, moon, and spring.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Be gone, sweet words, be docile to decay;

Lie buried where you fell like stars among
The fern in that august Pierian day.
Once you evoked the untellable in song;
The poet's fine invention, half-known bliss
That of his heart was treasure and its savor.
In what undated palingenesis
Shall you return, inviolate, to favor?
You were designed for dream; not for this age
Of Gongorisms or atomic roar.
You are bright birds imprisoned in a cage,
Your plumage faded and you sing no more.
Be the drowned eyes that suffered change; maybe
When men grow wearied of discordant sound,
You, like the pearls of the rich under-sea,
Or like the flowers new-starting in the ground,
Will tremble in the wave about his feet,
Will shine as stars in every common street.

LEILA JONES.

* * *

Edith Garfield Blanchard, of Tuckahoe, N. Y., suggests:

> I'm always sorry to see you run out of space. It occurred to me that you could get twice as much material on your weekly page through the judicious use of formulae.
>
> Something like this—
>
> H_2O
> Won't up-flow.
>
> or
>
> Cities vanished,
> Men despaired,
> All because $E = MC^2$
>
> or
>
> Beware C_2H_5OH,
> It getsh folks into awful statesh.

* * *

JOURNEYS

Journeys begin with patterns of returning,
But roads lead mind, and mind sets bridges burning:
So with the last door closed, the last word spoken,
Take with you only what can be quickly broken.

SOPHIE HIMMELL.

* * *

Addendum: When printing Bliss Carman's parody of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," I should have mentioned that it was originally written for Mitchell Kennerley, publisher of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Arthur Davison Ficke, and many others in the old days.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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INTERESTED IN nineteenth-century periodicals, theatrical and literary? Consult Periodical Press of London 1800-1830 published by F. W. Faxon, Boston; one dollar.

STENOG WITH WRITING BUG. Chicago writer with old association and new ideas seeks smart wren with strong yen for constructive assist job. No big money but job is fun. Boul-Mich location. Shoot works first letter. Box 298-Y.

PLAYWRITING. Register now for spring term. Starts April 12. Limited enrollment. Egri School of Writing, 2 Columbus Circle, N.Y.C. CIrcle 6-6121.

WANTED: NEWSPAPER: N. Y. Journal-American. Oct. 1, 1937. Will pay any price. Box 299-Y.

MAN who enjoys corresponding invites some one to write long or short letters. Box 300-Y.

MARRIED COUPLE want light housekeeping quarters—rural suburban Morris, Essex Counties, New Jersey. Box 335-Y.

PERSONALS

TEACHING POST in eastern college or university desired by 1948 Master of Arts graduate, sociology. Temple University. Experience—instructor, Temple University. Box 290-Y.

ALERT, mature woman desires correspondence with gentleman, refined, intelligent. Box 317-Y.

GENTLEMAN, middle-aged, refined, educated, reliable, nice personality, likes music, motoring, desires position as companion. Photo, references, exchanged. Box 301-Y.

2 MATURE COLLEGE MEN, senior, industrial design major, desire any kind of gay, stimulating work for summer, will travel, best references. Box 302-Y.

ESTABLISHED BOOK PUBLISHER seeks good non-fiction manuscripts, especially biogarphies of famous persons. Paebar Co., 300 West 55 St., N.Y.C. 19.

POSITION AS DESIGNER OR TESTER desired by 1947 University of Rochester, mechanical engineering graduate, with eastern or midwestern firm. Box 291-Y.

A JOB-GETTING RESUME ($15.) wins in competition. Send me your experience data to re-style (Send $1 for "Your Job Letter" reprint). My mail technique helps hundreds. Matilda Rogers, Job Resume Specialist, 240 West 73 St., N.Y.C. 23.

YOUNG, SINGLE, college grad., ex-army pilot, honest, capable. Variety of experience, abilities. Desires interesting position. Free to travel. Box 303-Y.

CHICAGO BOOKSHOP and rental library need full-time permanent assistant. Experience not entirely necessary. Box 61-Y.

TO INTERESTING, INTELLIGENT, and experienced males: Spring fever victim desires tutor your world via correspondence. Box 305-Y.

SINCERE MISS, semitically-minded, progressive, refined, congenial, interesting, will correspond gentleman similar attributes. Box 306-Y.

CULTURED HOMELOVING WOMAN, 33, occupied with art work five mornings a week like to manage someone's home, domestic science trained, understands children. Drive, attractive, need salary. Box 307-Y.

YOUNG GIRL, lover of life, laughter, desires stimulating male correspondent. Box 308-Y.

NIEMAN FELLOW now freelancing interested part-time publisher representation on West Coast. Box 309-Y.

VALUABLE ORIGINAL AVAILABLE. Ambitious, energetic, versatile June college grad., male species, desires responsible position for July and August, preferably involving travel. Veteran. References available. Box 310-Y.

MATURE MAN, seeks diversion and correspondence from interesting woman. Box 311-Y.

SHE LIKES PEOPLE who are interested in goodness, or with understanding of its opposite. But write about anything. Box 312-Y.

ARTIST OFFERS LIMITED NUMBER 16x20 signed oil paintings on canvas, landscapes, marines, only $6. each with order. Money returned immediately if sold out. Conradi, 227 East 33 St., N.Y.C. 16.

LONELY, EDUCATED, home-loving, idealist with sense of humor and no prejudices invites lady communicant. Box 331-Y.

Specialist in reading seeks to share office with medical doctor; preferably psychiatrist, or neurologist. East 70's to 90's N.Y.C. J. N. Gamble—M.A., 111 East 80 St., N.Y.C.

ATTRACTIVE FRENCH WOMAN, American citizen, former college instructor, wide experience in managing large estate, fond of children, desires executive position in home, school or business. Box 332-Y.

I WALK THE TIGHTROPE of my convictions. Energy must be used in constructive or artistically important work. Extensive editorial, publicity, promotion experience. Box 333-Y.

READ RAPIDLY AND WELL (pamphlet by R. M. Bear, Director of Dartmouth Reading Clinic. "The best, most practical and clear summary of what we know about techniques for improving reading speed and comprehension." 10¢ postpaid. Antioch Bookplate Co., Box 18, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 729

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

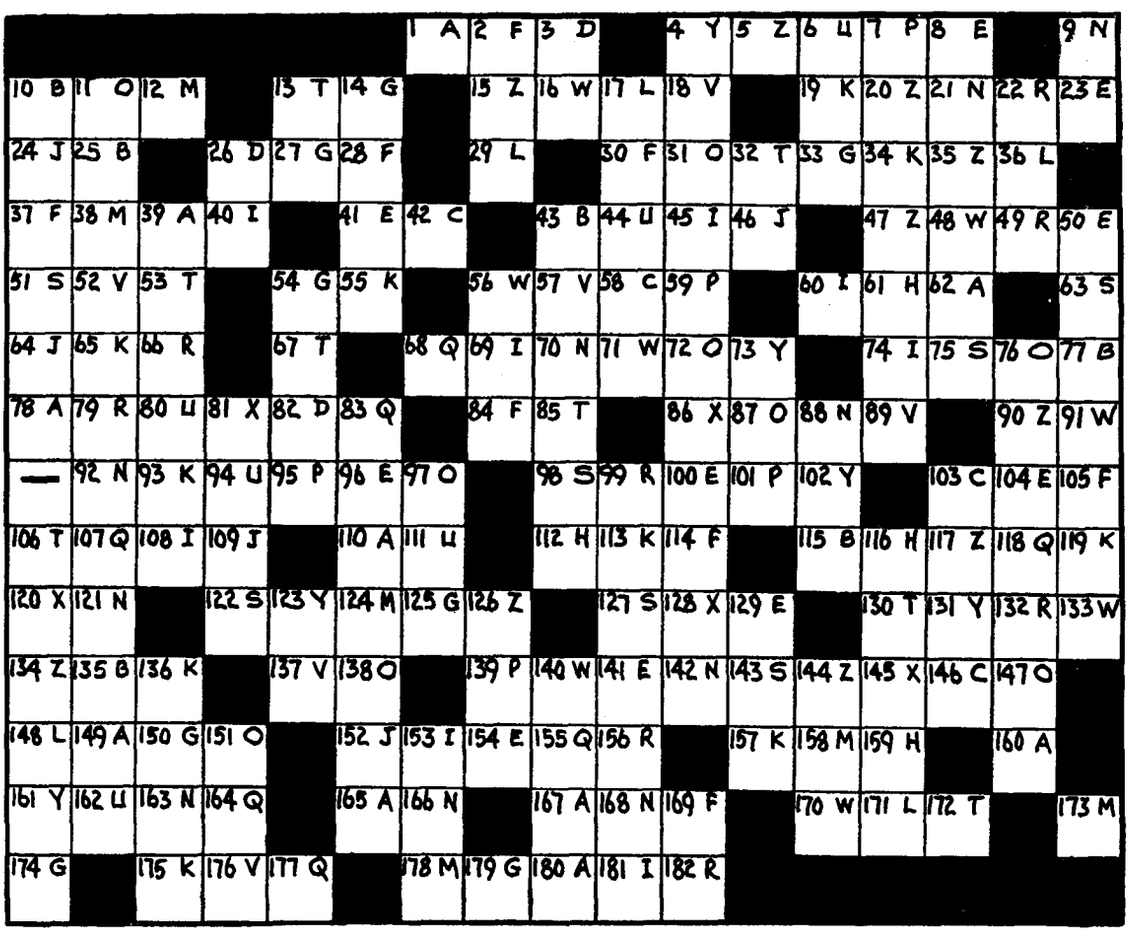
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Rubs or grinds to a very fine or impalpable powder.	1 78 110 167 149 180 160 165 62 39
B. A very diminutive person, like Tom Thumb.	43 10 115 25 77 135
C. Greek god of war (the Roman Mars).	146 103 42 58
D. Clock in the form of a ship, 16th century, with mechanical devices.	82 3 26
E. Of little or no consequence.	129 96 100 8 23 154 141 41 50 104
F. Important recent musical work by Leonard Bernstein, based on a Biblical character.	30 114 28 169 37 84 105 2
G. Any wool not adapted to a mill's requirements (wool mfg.; comp.).	179 125 174 14 27 33 54 150
H. One of the Norns (Teutonic myth.).	116 159 112 61
I. Having a reddish glow; shining.	45 74 60 153 181 69 108 40
J. River in French West Africa, into the Gulf of Guinea.	24 64 109 46 152
K. Novelette by Edith Wharton, 1911; dramatized 1936 by Owen and Donald Davis.	136 175 113 93 34 157 19 55 65 119
L. Worship; sacrifice (Vedic Hinduism).	36 29 148 171 17
M. The silver gibbon (comp.).	12 173 38 178 158 124

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Last name of the imaginary person symbolizing the typical Russian.	88 9 21 70 166 142 163 121 92 168
O. One's native land, esp. Ireland as used by emigrants (3 wds.).	151 87 11 31 147 97 138 72 76
P. Checks and reprimands; with "up."	101 7 139 95 59
Q. Applied to the most famous oracle of the ancient world (Gr. relig.).	83 177 118 164 155 107 68
R. Peculiarities.	49 22 182 99 156 132 66 79
S. Cuddled up.	75 143 122 63 98 51 127
T. Subtle or abstract distinction.	130 32 67 106 172 13 85 53
U. Earlier of the two great cycles of Irish heroic legend.	6 94 111 80 44 162
V. Chief goddess of the pantheon (Babylon. relig.).	137 89 176 18 57 52
W. Greek historian and essayist, disciple of Socrates (434?-355 B.C.).	133 170 71 91 56 16 48 140
X. Kilns to dry hops, malt, or tobacco.	128 81 145 86 120
Y. Interjection expressing mild surprise, reproof, etc. (comp.).	161 131 123 102 4 73
Z. Showing little or no mental or physical exertion.	20 126 47 134 144 15 117 35 90 5

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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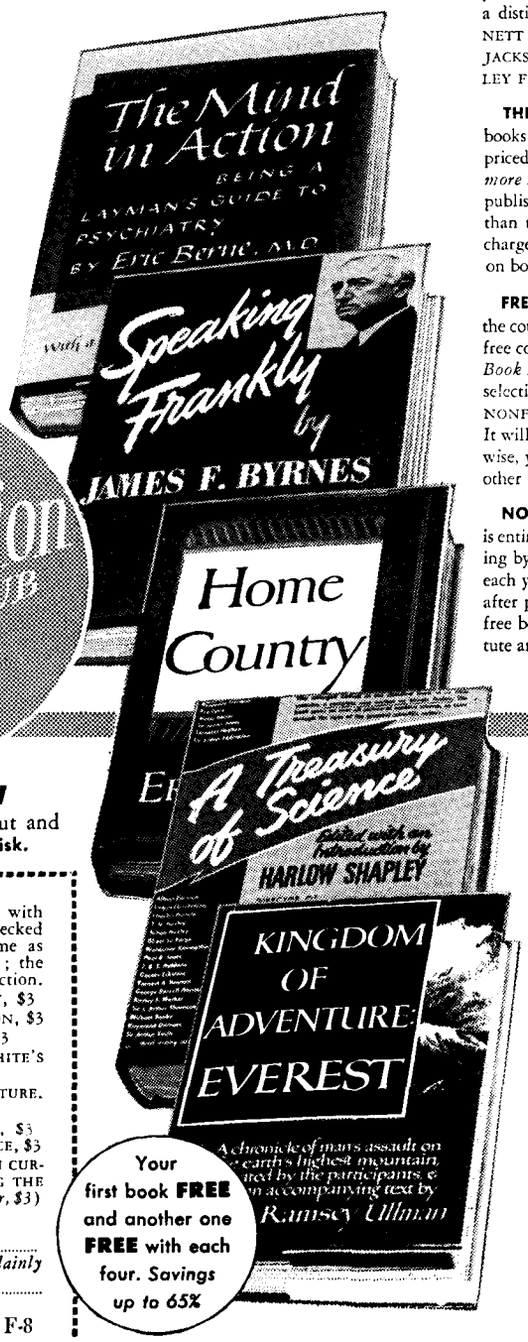
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BEING A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO PSYCHIATRY
BY Eric Berne, M.D.
Speaking Frankly
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JAMES F. BYRNES
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